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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE French fleet has anchored at Spithead amidst the friendly roar of English artillery, and has now remained for some days in the picturesque roads to which the Isle of Wight forms a natural breakwater, while the officers and men, we trust, have enjoyed the hearty hospitality of a cordial English welcome. It is possible, nay, probable, that the fêtes at Portsmouth were less brilliant, and less perfectly organized, than those at Cherbourg and Brest. We are not happy in our management of such affairs. But this, at least, we can safely say, that the feeling of friendship towards France is not less deep and sincere on this side of the Channel, than was the feeling of friendship towards England on the other. The *entente cordiale* is not now a mere alliance between sovereigns and statesmen; it depends upon the much surer and broader foundations of a mutual sympathy, respect, and liking between the two nations. We do not pretend to say that they furnish a perfect security against the interruption of peace between France and England; but we certainly know of no better. The interests of the two countries, when properly considered, are almost identical. No questions can well arise between them which may not easily be settled if they are dealt with in a friendly and conciliatory spirit; and there can be no doubt that international festivities, like those which have taken place during the last few days, tend very greatly to the growth of that amicable feeling which renders nations slow to take offence, and quick to accept explanations or apologies when unintentional wrong has been done. On both sides the Channel there is just now a keen perception of the importance of a thoroughly good understanding between England and France. Although there is external calm, the condition of the world is far from being that of real peace. The rapacity of the German Powers; the doubtful policy and the threatening attitude of the re-united American Republic, are circumstances which may well draw the Powers of Western Europe together. We have no desire to see them committed to an inseparable alliance, under all circumstances. We do not wish that they should attempt to enforce their own policy in any imperious or forcible manner. But it is well, both for themselves and for the world at large, that their relations should be on such a footing as to allow them to combine readily to resist encroachment, or to withstand wrong. Although we do not suppose that they have any design, deeper than that which appears on the surface, in sending their fleets to spend a few holiday hours together, the event is none the less politically significant and important. It shows that the coolness which is understood to have prevailed between them for some time has completely passed away; while the gratification which has been expressed on

both sides of the Channel at these maritime festivities, proves clearly that, to both, the prospect of more intimate relations is a source of frank and genuine gratification.

We can hardly refuse to accept the testimony of many Irish newspapers in various parts of the country, and of different shades of politics, that Fenianism is spreading rapidly in that country. The *Northern Whig* is satisfied that this absurd but treasonable association has struck its roots in the north. From a correspondent of the *Dublin Express* we have an account of a "great demonstration" of some 400 Fenians, who marched in military order through Dundalk between nine and ten o'clock at night. The *Limerick Chronicle* has received intelligence of nocturnal musters in Clare, in Crathoe woods, and in the mountainous regions on the opposite side of the Shannon. The *Cork Constitution* gives, from independent informants, accounts of several parties who have been found drilling at untimely hours in more than one district of the country; and the *Cork Examiner*, which is well known to be edited by Mr. Maguire, M.P., says in the most explicit manner that "we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that an organization of some kind or the other does exist, and more extensively than the true lovers of Ireland and her real interests could wish. The statements on which we rely are made by persons of such authority and such means of judging with accuracy that we cannot refuse them a large amount of credence." Nor can we refuse to believe in a fact vouched for by such respectable authority. It is one to be regretted both for the sake of England and Ireland—but far more on account of the latter than of the former. We know our own strength, and are not likely to be disturbed by visions of American sympathizers crossing the Atlantic in iron-clads, which would not live upon the ocean, to join a rabble of half-organized Irishmen who have no sympathy from the more respectable of their own countrymen. But credit is sensitive, and capital avoids countries which are haunted even by a rumour of impending rebellion and revolution. And Ireland, which wants more than anything else capital and credit for the development of her great natural resources, will feel deeply and acutely the effect of this insane and criminal organization, and of the disquietude to which it gives rise.

The forthcoming election of the Italian Parliament is fraught with the most important consequences, and is naturally regarded with much anxiety by the true friends of the Italian people. It will decide whether a prudent, but liberal and progressive policy is to be pursued by the Government, or whether Victor Emmanuel is to fall into the hands of the violent and impatient party who will hear of nothing but an immediate advance on Rome and Venice. We state the alternative thus, because we do not believe



that the Clerical and Papal faction have the least chance of obtaining a majority, or even a respectable minority in the new assembly. Their influence is, indeed, at so low an ebb that they will probably throw it into the Democratic scale, with the view of returning members who will embarrass the Government and try to involve it in difficulties with France and Austria. The real danger is—that the too rash and ardent partizans of the unity of Italy will fall into the traps baited for them by their worst enemies, and will send to Parliament men pledged to a premature and precipitate course of policy. It is unfortunately too plain that the Liberal party is divided and distracted by unfortunate dissensions and unjust suspicions. To us, looking at the matter from a distance, it is clear that Rome can only be gained by a gradual approach, and through some arrangement to which France must be a consenting, and the Pope not altogether a dissenting, party. Hence we see nothing to blame, but much to commend in the recent Vegezzi mission. No doubt, the terms offered to his Holiness involved considerable concessions on the part of Italy; but if they had been accepted in their integrity, they would have materially facilitated further, and probably more fruitful, negotiations. A considerable section of the Italians, however, seem to have taken up the idea that the Ministry of General Della Marmora are indifferent, if not hostile, to the project of obtaining Rome as the capital of the country. They have been encouraged in this notion by an unfortunate pamphlet lately published by Massimo D'Azeglio. Moreover, the public mind has been a good deal excited by a foolish circular of the Minister of War, which is construed into an interference with the liberty of the press; and some mischief—though we do not suppose much—has been done by a letter attributed to Mazzini, and calling upon the people to celebrate the anniversary of Aspromonte as a declaration of their determination to obtain possession of Rome. The result is that there is some risk of the moderate party being overborne, and of power passing into the hands of men who will, either from recklessness or from bad faith, commit the country to a line of action which can lead to nothing but embarrassment and even disaster. We trust, however, that the Italians will take warning in time; that they will yet see that as Rome was not built, so neither can it be won, in a day; and that they will continue to confide in ministers who are none the less patriotic because their patriotism is tempered by good sense and prudence, and takes account of the obstacles with which it has to contend.

According to one of our contemporaries, which is supposed to receive its information from very high official quarters, the Convention signed at Gastein by the plenipotentiaries of Austria and Prussia, contains some secret articles, in addition to those which have already seen the light. It is said that by these Austria undertakes to "surveiller" the Duke of Augustenburg in Holstein—that is, to arrest or expel him on the slightest pretence; that Austria also promises to cede her claims upon the Duchy of Holstein to Prussia, in consideration of a pecuniary indemnity; that in the two Duchies the Danish laws respecting the press and the right of public meeting are to be applied instead of the German laws, which are much less severe; and that Prussia pledges herself to propose to the German Diet a guarantee of all the possessions of Austria, both German and non-German. If these, or anything like these articles have really been agreed to, all that can or need be said is that they fill up the measure of infamy and iniquity of the two contracting Powers. They embody a contract, by virtue of which sheer, undisguised rapacity in the North is to be balanced by masterful tyranny in the South. In consideration that Prussia is allowed to seize Schleswig-Holstein; Austria is to be made secure in the oppression of Hungary and Venetia. We can quite believe that the Cabinet of Vienna would be very glad to make such a bargain, but we entertain some doubts whether that of Berlin is willing to accept the responsibility of so perilous an engagement. Until the statement is confirmed, we shall remain somewhat sceptical as to M. von Bismarck's having consented to pay so high a price for what he might obtain on much easier terms. It is scarcely likely that he will commit Prussia to possible difficulties with France and Italy for the sake of averting a dismemberment of the Austrian empire, which he would see with pleasure, because it would leave the predominance of his own country unquestioned and indisputable.

Mr. Lawley, the late correspondent of the *Times* at

Richmond, has lost no time in replying to the letter of the New York correspondent of that journal, upon which we lately commented. It will be recollected that the latter writer endorsed the statements in the Northern press with respect to the ill-treatment of Federal prisoners by the Confederates, and that he did not hesitate to charge upon Mr. Davis and General Lee a full complicity in the atrocities, which, according to the well-known Sanitary Commission, were perpetrated in the Libby and Andersonville prisons. We ourselves pointed out that these statements were directly contradicted by every English writer who had visited the South during the war, and that they were more especially at variance with the letters of the gentleman who represented our contemporary at Richmond. We now learn from that gentleman's own pen that he adheres in the fullest manner to that which he had previously written on this subject. He asserts emphatically that so long as they were able, and as far as they were able, the Confederates provided proper food and accommodation for their prisoners. He admits, indeed, that towards the end of 1864 those prisoners suffered horribly; but he traces the blame of this to the proper quarter, and shows that it rests not with the South but with the North. The Northern prisoners suffered with the Southern army and people; and their sufferings were, in the main, caused,—“first, by the persistent refusal of the Federals to continue the exchange of prisoners; and, secondly, by the wholesale destruction of food, which starved not only thousands of Federal soldiers, but also thousands of Confederate men, women, and children.” But even if some cruelty was, under the great provocation given by such men as Butler, Turnham, McNeil, Milroy, Hunter, and Payne, perpetrated upon the Federal prisoners, Mr. Lawley says that there were at least two men who never ceased to the utmost of their power to repress and discountenance it. Those men were General Lee and Mr. Davis. He adds, with a just sense of what is due to his own character, that he would utterly lose his own self-respect if, knowing the truth, he did not raise his humble but indignant protest against the language which the New York correspondent had employed to blacken the character and defame the reputation of the imprisoned ex-president of the Confederacy. We cannot help thinking that some such reflection might have occurred to the editor of the journal in question when he inserted a letter which he must have known to be cruelly false. Perhaps, indeed, he might urge, in self-defence, that, in publishing it, he was only acting in accordance with the traditions of a journal which was never yet known to be just towards a struggling, or generous towards a fallen cause.

The preparations for the great party fight which is to determine the fate of the negro, and the immediate future of the Union, continue with unabated energy in the United States. In the opinion of the shrewdest and most careful observers, the policy of President Johnson will obtain the support of a majority of the new Congress. Not even for the sake of completing the subjugation of the South, and grinding the inhabitants of the late Confederacy in the dust, will the North accept the negro as a fellow citizen. We cannot say that we blame them for that, if we look at the matter as one of common sense—apart from the professions of the now dominant States. We do not believe that the Southern negroes are fit to be intrusted with votes, any more than the ignorant mobs who rule in New York and other great cities. If universal suffrage is adopted for the Whites without qualification or restriction, there is no good ground for excluding the Blacks because they are childish and uneducated. They have a right to invoke the principle that “a man's a man for a'that,” and to march up to the ballot-box on the strength of their mere humanity. Still less consistent are those who would decline to give the suffrage to the negro by vote of Congress, because to do so would be an infraction of State rights. Every one must see that this new-born respect for State rights, which have never been allowed to stand in the way of any object really dear to the North, is a mere subterfuge. The truth is that the North has been very reluctantly drawn or driven into emancipating the negro to a far greater extent than they ever desired. They are now more than half frightened, and a good deal more than half disgusted with their work; and, although somewhat inconsistently, they very sensibly wish to arrest the process as soon as it has served their purpose. Let them do so if they like; but let us hear no more about



"the rights of man," "the equality of all men," or the ardent desire of the Northern Whites to abolish all privileges of race and caste. In the mean time, political dissension is not the only or the worst evil under which the United States are suffering. The civil war has left behind it extensive and deep-seated social demoralization. Crimes both of fraud and violence abound; and there is a general callousness in reference both to the principles of morality and the sacredness of human life.

#### THE QUEEN AT COBURG.

HER MAJESTY has been, during the past week, the chief personage in a simple but touching ceremonial at the quaint little German city of Coburg. By her pious care, and, as we understand, at her expense, a statue of her late husband has been raised in the Market-place of this ancient town. No one can cavil at the motives which have led to the erection of such a memorial in such a place. It was well and fitting that something should be done to perpetuate the remembrance of the late Prince Consort in the state which gave him birth, and of which he was a prince. Nor can it be denied that it was a graceful and appropriate act on the part of his widow to express in this manner her gratitude to the people, with one of whose Royal house she had spent a quarter of a century of married felicity. Other memorials may recall the prince, but this will be more peculiarly associated with the man. By the people of Coburg he was known far more intimately in his earlier, than he ever was by the people of England in his later years. To us he was the husband of the Queen, her faithful and sagacious counsellor, the patron of many useful institutions, the originator of many admirable and beneficent undertakings. We cheerfully acknowledged that he was a good man and a wise man; but no electric touch of sympathy passed during his lifetime between him and us. We understood and felt after his death that a warm heart beat beneath his grave exterior. But while he was yet amongst us, we were repelled by the coldness and the statuesque repose of his manner, and by his obvious indifference to our pleasures and amusements. Nothing, after all, brings prince and people together so much as a community of enjoyments. We see and feel that a royal highness is a man like ourselves when we see him carrying his gun across the stubble, sailing his yacht, or enjoying like any plebeian in the crowd the race for the Derby or the Ascot Cup. Then we are no longer stifled by the atmosphere of ceremonial which ordinarily surrounds him. He is no longer a mysterious figure, wearing a golden crown, and clad in purple robes, thinking and feeling in some grand and, to us, incomprehensible manner, but a simple, hearty English gentleman. He may have many faults, but we cheerfully forgive them. He may be a bad politician and a narrow-minded ruler, but he will keep his place in our hearts notwithstanding. The popularity of George III. can only be accounted for in this way. The people felt that "Farmer George," who eat English mutton and turnips, shot over an English pointer, rode to English hounds after an English fox, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks at our broad English farce, was really one of themselves. The people of Coburg knew the young Prince Albert in the same way, and felt towards him in a similar manner. He had mixed amongst them from his boyhood, had freely shared their simple German diversions, was thoroughly imbued with their peculiar German ideas, and was endeared to them by many acts of kindness and benevolence. They comprehended him, while to us he was always more or less a puzzle. It is not surprising, therefore, that they still cherish an affectionate regard for the man rather than the prince, and it is of the former rather than of the latter that those who are at all penetrated by the *genius loci* will think as they stand, in the course of their autumnal rambles, before the noble statue which Mr. Theed has moulded, and the founders of Nuremberg have cast.

The inaugural ceremonial was, as we have already said, extremely simple. Nevertheless, the good people of Coburg showed in their own way that they appreciated the gift and honoured the donor. Every house, we are told, was gay with garlands, festoons, and streamers, coats of arms, masses of flowers, and every variety of tasteful but simple devices. Window-sills, mullions, and cornices mantled with evergreens. Flags waved on every hand. The Grand-Ducal army was drawn up in the square. Bands of young girls in green and pink ribbons shed, we will imagine, the light of beauty upon the scene. The burgomaster and corporation were ready with an address of great length, and no doubt of equal eloquence and profundity. The bells rang out lustily, the cannon

thundered in answer. At the proper signal the linen wrappers of the statue which had previously been covered, were removed, and the form of the Prince was exposed to view. Then the Queen descended from the platform which she had hitherto occupied, and, walking across the square at the head of her family, deposited a bunch of flowers at the foot of the statue. The princes and princesses present added their contributions until a fragrant heap was collected. This was literally all. For it was in pursuance of the programme of the ceremony—at least the fact was so—that the Queen, after driving round several of the streets of the town in order to view the decorations, returned to the Market-place for another look at the effigy of him she had loved so well. That the effigy is in every way worthy of the original we do not doubt. Mr. Theed not only knew the Prince intimately during his lifetime, but he was allowed to take a mask of his face after death. He has since executed several busts or statues of his Royal Highness, and has availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to perfect the likeness, and to make the counterfeit presentment more and more a revelation of the man and his character. The model of this particular statue was exhibited in London, and was generally acknowledged by the best judges to be an admirable work of art.

We are happy to hear from the correspondents of our contemporaries that her Majesty is looking well and cheerful; that she performed the duties required of her in connection with this ceremonial with what is described as her "wonted command over her feelings;" and that, although the occasion was rather a trying one, she was quite equal to the task of receiving an address and bowing in answer. The satisfaction which we feel at hearing all this would, however, be materially heightened if we could venture to indulge any confident hope that it foreshadowed a speedy return on the part of the Queen to the discharge of her royal functions in England. It is not unnatural that we should feel somewhat jealous of the apparent preference given to Germany; for it is difficult to understand what greater demand could be made upon her Majesty's strength and composure by opening or closing Parliament, or by receiving her subjects and distinguished strangers at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, than must have been made by taking part in this Coburg inauguration. Indeed, we should have thought that the performance of the ordinary duties of her station would have been the less trying of the two, because less immediately associated with painful recollections, and less directly suggestive of mournfully tender thoughts.

We should not like to think that it is only on occasions in some degree connected with the late Prince Consort that her Majesty cares to rouse herself from a somewhat rigid, and certainly a weak, indulgence in the luxury of woe. Such an idea would involve a grave imputation upon one who is not only a widow, but a Queen. We cannot believe that she who, during the previous part of her life, showed herself fully sensible of all public claims upon her time and patience, is now disposed to seek shelter in retirement from the imperative obligations of her position. Such conduct would not only be unworthy of the living, but dishonouring to the dead. The Prince Consort, it has been truly remarked, set a noble example in the sacrifice of cherished tastes and pleasures to the discharge of public duties. He was not tried as his widow has been, but we feel quite certain that if he had been, he would have felt that there are limits beyond which the indulgence of grief is inadvisable, and would have applied himself resolutely to fulfil the demands not only upon his labour, but also upon his presence. It is with no want of respect or affection that we venture to dwell upon such considerations. But such an event as that to which we are referring irresistibly recalls to our recollection that for more than three years and a half society has been deprived of its natural head, great ceremonies of State have been shorn of their legitimate splendour, and the hospitalities of the country have either not been dispensed at all or have been dispensed by deputy. We quite admit that of late years the Prince and Princess of Wales have done as much as could be done to replace the Queen. But the heir-apparent is, after all, not the Sovereign; he shines only with a borrowed light; there are many duties which he cannot perform at all; and there are many occasions on which his presence can in no wise replace the absence of the Sovereign. We know that it is said—indeed, her Majesty said it herself in that remarkable communication with which she favoured one of our contemporaries—that the Queen performs, sedulously and punctually, the duties of Government, and that she only neglects those of representation. Such an apology, however, betrays so erroneous a conception of the position and functions of an English sovereign, that it rather aggravates than extenuates the defects of which we are complaining. We do not desire that our



monarch should interfere in the government of the country, beyond signing the papers which are submitted to her by her responsible advisers. Surrounded with respectable fictions, and clothed as with a garment in stately ceremonial, the occupant of the English throne is, or ought to be, politically, a symbol. It is her duty to hear, to see, and to understand with the eyes, the ears, and the understanding of her Ministers. It is disloyal even to imagine that she affects to influence the course of events, or to control the policy of the Government which is conducted in her name. But if the duties which are apparently real and substantial are in truth merely nominal, those which are non-political are in reality important. If the population of the British Empire consisted of twenty-five millions of thoughtful and cultivated politicians, we might either dispense with a monarchy altogether, or get on with one that may merely be an algebraical expression for an unknown quantity. But as we have not yet reached this pitch of perfection, it is absolutely requisite to give the monarchy some hold upon the senses and imaginations of the people. This is done by the ceremonies and the pageants from which her Majesty has withdrawn herself. By their effective performance, the Sovereign contributes to the stability of the throne, and fills her proper place in the constitutional economy. If the nation were for long years to see nobody above a Prime Minister, it might in the end come to the conclusion that nobody more elevated was required. Again, it is of the highest importance that the nation should receive and entertain foreign visitors in a worthy manner. For that, amongst other purposes, we provide spacious and handsome palaces and an adequate civil list. And yet, for more than three years and a half foreigners of distinction have received but a churlish welcome, or no welcome at all, on our shores. They have come and gone—and have gazed unnoticed at the outsidings of deserted palaces, when they should have been entertained with regal state. It is high time that this state of things should come to an end. The most loyal subjects will not remain content that their Queen should withdraw herself from them to lavish her presence on Germany; or that she should perform by deputy the great historical ceremonies of her kingdom, while she presides in person over the inauguration of a statue.

#### THE SLESVIG-HOLSTEIN PARTITION.

ALL parties concerned have at length such satisfaction as can be drawn from a final settlement of the Slesvig-Holstein question. It is called, indeed, only a provisional arrangement; but provisional arrangements based upon a partition of territory and a cession of rights for a definite sum of money, are usually intended, and prove, to be of a permanent character. So the German sons of German Fatherland, and all the sympathizers in this country in the idea of German unity, have the satisfaction of finding that twenty years of speech-making, two months of slaughtering, and two years of pretended negotiation have ended in a fresh division of a territory not German. The result indeed is so humiliating, that it is almost cruel to press it against the silenced and shamed Professors who have so triumphantly proved that the wresting of Sleswig-Holstein from Denmark was the infallible preliminary of Teutonic freedom and constitutional government. Nor have we, as a nation, any title to plume ourselves on the failure of their hopes. It is not for us to take up the parable of the prophet of old, and say to the spoilers of Denmark, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" We, in the person of our Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, bade Naboth resist the selling of his vineyard; we held in our own Downing-street a solemn court to judge between the right of the several claimants of his inheritance; we denounced the suborned witnesses, and inveighed against the unhallowed coveting of his ancient possession, and when we had done this we left him to the tender mercies of the Prussian Jezebel and the Austrian Ahab. Not for our mouths then is reproach of the slayers and robbers, nor for our eyes is contempt of the sanguine dupes. But the story is yet one which we must ponder, for it involves European consequences, and we must settle in our minds the meaning of the acts and the purpose of the actors, lest we too, falling like the German people into wrong-doing through simplicity of covetousness, taste hereafter the like disappointment of our hopes when we are encountered with the astuteness of rapacity.

It must be apparent, now, to every one, how consistently Prussia has throughout made tools of her allies in pursuing her traditional object of self-aggrandisement. Her lawyers and her statesmen backed the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg,

while these formed the cry of the German people, and afforded an apology for foreign interference in Denmark. She forced Austria to join her in making an independent assault on that kingdom, under the pretence to Germany of supporting, while to Europe professing to mediate in regard to, German demands. Having ousted the Federal troops, and secured the acquiescence of England, she procured the cession of the disputed provinces to herself and Austria alone. And now, having thus obtained the title of conquest, she wholly disregards the title on which conquest was justified, proceeds to partition the territory so as to give herself that portion most valuable for her purposes, and least capable of being reclaimed by the Diet; while assigning to her ally the province over which the Federal claims are strongest, and least capable of resistance by a distant monarchy. It is idle to speak of the sops she offers to German professorship and studentship in the reservation of Kiel for a port and Rendsburg for a fortress, seeing that she alone is to benefit by the former, till at least the German fleet is built—a safely remote future—and that the latter is to be garrisoned by herself and Austria until the Diet undertakes the charge and the expense. The cost of a garrison and a port for unbuilt vessels are not worth computing as gains to German nationality. The profit of the unrighteous agitation and war belongs to Prussia alone, and consists in the acquisition, by open violence and fraud, of an extensive territory, valuable in itself, more valuable in what it will furnish to the military and naval predominance of its new owners.

The mere enlargement of Prussia, however, even at the expense of a German idea, would not of itself be matter to be regretted. What furnishes ground for alarm at present is that it has been effected at the ultimate cost of a small, but, to Europe, most valuable State, and that it marks the triumph of a system which must make European peace insecure. Denmark, which geographically holds the keys of the Baltic, which ethnologically and constitutionally is the State most resembling England, has been so weakened that she can henceforth be regarded as only the tributary of her unscrupulous neighbour and plunderer; and an example has been given of the employment of lawless force which must long create disquiet in international arrangements. Already France begins to inquire why, if Prussia is permitted to enlarge her boundaries beyond the Slei, she may not be permitted to extend hers to the Rhine? Austria, on the other hand, has suggested a different principle of territorial arrangement. She has consented to sell her share of Lauenburg for a pecuniary compensation. And her public are, therefore, putting the question whether the introduction of this new rule is to afford the clue to the future of Venetia; and they remonstrate vehemently against the principle that territory may anywhere be yielded without being fought for. We should certainly rejoice at the cession of Venetia on any terms, but it would be because of the existence of an element which has not at all entered into the negotiations in the present instance. The people of Venice are Italians, and are eager to become part of the Italian nation; the people of Lauenburg are not Prussians, and have expressed no desire to become subjects of the Prussian monarchy. The precedent, therefore, would avail quite as well for the sale of Venetia to the Pope, or to Spain, or to Turkey, as to Italy, if any of these foreign potentates were in a pecuniary position enabling them to pay the price. It is thus not a precedent available for the preservation of peace, but rather one tending to the suggestion of further causes of war. And the French papers have justly taken this view of it, and have pointed to it as a fresh infraction of the professed guiding principle of the second Empire, the respect of nationalities.

It is evident that under such conditions the state of Europe is one of disturbance. The rule of the strongest prevails, and public opinion is openly defied. There can be no real progress in disarmament while such a state of things exists. The Prussian rulers are indeed in a chronic dispute with their subjects on the point of increasing the standing army. In that dispute we have given the Sovereign material help, by enabling him to point to the decorations won at Düppel as an incentive to military ardour. But while Prussia is increasing her forces and developing her aggressive tendencies, none of her neighbours dare disarm. To France, to Belgium, to Holland, the idea is out of the question. But France is the standard by which we are accustomed to regulate our own warlike expenditure. Will, then, the acquisition of the war-port of Kiel by France's neighbours prove a source of economy to us? Will an event which must compel Napoleon III. to push forward the conversion of his fleet into ironclads help our economists to reduce our own navy estimates? Will the establishment of two huge standing armies on opposite banks of



the Rhine warrant our statesmen in further diminishing the number of our regular troops? Herein comes already upon us the vision of retribution. We refused to aid, by the threat of arms, the defence of a weak power against a lawless aggressor; and already we pay in our pockets, because Europe is so unprotected by public law that none of her Powers dare lay aside their attitude of distrust, and we must keep our strength in measure proportioned to that which may any day be turned against ourselves.

That in some shape or form, at some period or other, we should thus suffer for our abandonment of duty, was a proposition which, at the time, we ventured to lay down as certain: We illustrated this immutable truth by recalling what Poland, what Italy, had cost Europe and ourselves during the years that had followed our sanction of their surrender to alien tyrants. Unless history were a lie, and morality a dream, we showed that the like misfortunes must fall on us when we suffered the partition of Denmark to be accomplished. And already, before fifteen months have expired, the events are happening which prove that in point of mere economy we have made an ill selection of our course. What these events may further develop into, we shall not presume to predict. But he would be bold indeed who would assert that when the rule of might against right is openly avowed and acted on, war can long be averted. And no one will be able to maintain that our principle of "non-intervention" will so secure us from the violence of others, that with war around us we can maintain our armaments on a peace footing.

An error must, however, run its course. Even the immediate adoption of a wiser policy could not at once restore us what we have lost. The public opinion of Europe, which forms the defence of all her smaller, and the security of all her larger States, has been outraged with impunity, and cannot at once, or easily, be re-established. But the longer the effort is delayed the harder will be the task. The sooner we take our place as the champion of this public law, the easier will be its triumph. When it is known that our allies may once more count on us, that our help will again be given to enable free nations to retain their freedom, we shall cease to find threatening armaments maintained, and we shall find in the firm combination of all whose interest is peace and law, respect of civil rights and regard for moral justice, the assurance of safety which will enable us to develop our resources without the burden of a constant war expenditure, if not of war itself.

#### NATURE AND SUPERNATURE.

Is there anything of which a man in his sober senses is more certain than his own identity? We cannot define the exact time in which we changed from childhood to boyhood—passed from the day of terriers and ferrets into that intermediate condition which is neither boy nor man, but more of the latter than the former. Nor can we date, to a year or so, the time when we really felt the world's work had fashioned us in the full experience of the world's ways, and we were not only men in stature but men in full mental development. Grey hairs, year by year less and less of them, come gradually upon us. If we compare that early portrait which now hangs neglected in a spare bedroom, of what we were when we first claimed portraiture's aid to proclaim the manhood at which we had then arrived, with the photograph a Watkin or a Mayall may have done of us last year, we are left in no doubt of the change time has wrought outwardly upon us. The smooth-faced boy-man has become the grey-headed, white-bearded, wrinkled old veteran, whose whole appearance is stamped by age and work, by the world's work and the world's heats, as one whose daily life casts already the shadow which tells the end.

If we cannot put our finger on the chart of our past existence, and say here—just at this age I thought only as a child; at this very point I shook off the nursery and fed on life with a boy's tastes; here, again, I felt myself a man, my every instinct claimed freedom from the discipline governing the days of boyhood, I sought objects as my own—within my own power, of which I only thought, as in dreams for the future, as a boy. Again, here, I became conscious I once was young, but now had become old, and already had learned to view as vanity and vexation those things of youth which, as a youth, I so highly valued; I claimed a right to advise the young: I argued my experience, my age; the fact that I had gone through so much of life, gave me a just title to do so. If we cannot thus exactly define the very date of these changes, because, in fact, they are so gradual, so overlap each other; yet of this we are certain, we had our own peculiar identity throughout them all;

we carried from one stage of life into the next certain peculiar dispositions and emotions which are our own still. Time and its physical transformations have altered our outward man; but though the child cannot be the greybeard, the boy the perfect man, memory and present conviction alike assure us that we are yet the same child, boy, man, old man. Facts without and the heart within alike prove to us that we are yet the same child, of the larger and the last growth we were when we wept for our broken spotted horse of wood, and regarded as a murderer the gardener who drowned the supernumerary kittens we so loved.

Throughout life, retracing its steps by the power of memory, it is curious how, in certain moods, we seem to make ourselves masters of the past. We dig up out of the old home-scenes events long since forgotten; as we dwell upon them, we seem to go back in person to them—to become again the actors in them. Places, persons, the smallest details of certain localities, the minutiae of the special peculiarities of individuals, all come before us. A room was on fire—it broke out in the night—there stood our father, in dressing-gown, with bare feet, and a white hat, shivering in the court-yard. He was giving orders to bewildered servants, roused from their beds—all the maids were at the windows—we of the nursery allowed to look out at the unusual hubbub—we see before us the gardener, with two pails; how well we know by sight the one in his left hand; our delight was to see the pigs fed, and this was the very pail appropriated to sty duty, we knew its every feature better than we did our own breakfast-basin. That gardener's hat, too, in which he used to bring young birds or a baby rabbit to show us, it is present to us as a thing we had never lost sight of. The next day we are allowed to see the room, in which luckily the fire had been put out. Have we not now before us, not only all we saw—the wet, black wreck of bed and box, chair and bookcase—but the very smell of the scene? In later life, have we ever smelt that peculiar odour given out by a fired room, and not in memory at once gone back to the memorable night when Peter's bedroom, at —, caught fire? Becky Treen sold cheesecakes at Rugby. We would be content to lay a moderate wager that any old Rugbeian now living, who dealt with Becky in the "tuck" line, were he to eat now a cheesecake of the flavour for which she was famous, would involuntarily have his thoughts turned to his school-days. If so, with what ease would he call up the furniture of the—for money—hospitable Mrs. Treen, the details of her dress, all the circumstances attendant on the daily breakfast in her kitchen.

Assuming then that nature threads our days from childhood to the grave, that there is a link which for ever connects them, that we have the power of gathering up the portions of life's cable most distant from us, and again mentally living its life as a thing of to-day; being satisfied that we have been the same individual throughout, fresh shaped by time, but still unchanged to our own essential identity; it follows that we could not be subject to any great change of disposition, of nature, by any one act of another being, at any one particular hour, and not feel some consciousness of the fact. We could hardly suppose ourselves capable of receiving some supernatural gift at a given moment of life, without it producing some change in our former identity. If we had a power to move mountains, suddenly bestowed upon us, after fairy-tale fashion, we surely should, from that moment, feel some special dignity within us, which would materially change the whole of our inner life. It would not obliterate the past, but it would throw over the present the clothing of a new nature—a supernature. Just as this supernature elevated our moral dignity, by giving it the sense it was gifted with beyond ordinary men, we should feel our old identity shaken, we should be sensible we were not the men we had always been. The by-birth individual, would become more or less, but certainly in some degree, absorbed into then man made new by a new nature.

Smuggins of Wadham has taken full Orders. He is ordained priest, and has paid, or intends to pay, an ecclesiastical tailor the cost of the fashionable priest-livery of the day. The tailor has done all in his power to proclaim to the world around that Smuggins, Rector of Stiffchurch, belongs to a school which claims supernatural power. For all we know he may sleep in a surplice. By day he would lose all caste if he did not appear ecclesiasticized from head to foot. When he is "out for a day," and the original Smuggins' nature makes a feeble assertion of its existence, the utmost latitude he takes is to put on an ecclesiastical variety of the wide-awake, the last fashion being a hat, apparently bred between an archdeaconal and a "kiddy," with a broad ribbon passing in front through a large black buckle, such as a gigantic bishop may have worn on a dress shoe. Up to 12 a.m. of the day of his ordination, up to the very hour



when, with the same joy with which years since he put on his first tail coat, he donned the long, straight, priest-fashioned coat and the narrow white collar, and went from the "George" of the cathedral town to the "station" on his return home a priest, had he felt any change in his identity? Was it not still the old Smuggins, steadier, more theologically learned, heavily testimonialled for the possessor of all kinds of virtues and graces, but, after all, nothing more or less than old Smug—as his friends used to call him in the exuberance of undergraduate amiability? He would have you believe that he has now power to hear the confessions of sinners and give them absolution; that by his hands, at his bidding, bread and wine become—he cannot tell you exactly what—but certainly sacred elements, imparting a supernatural spiritual food. He asserts that baptism at his hands confers a spiritual change, which it cannot afford except by the instrumentality of such hands as his. He claims this supernatural over and above the original Smuggins nature as the simple result of his ordination; the imposition of the hands of Bishop Thronehurst gave it him. Let us, in passing, say that Thronehurst was an excellent professor of divinity of — College, and was made a bishop by the minister of the day in return for political services rendered at a university election.

Smuggins will tell you he possesses these gifts, this authority, by virtue of having become one in the great Apostolical link. He asks you to believe that from Paul and Peter, through a direct line of successors, lastly through Thronehurst down to Smuggins, apostolical authority and gifts have come from hand to hand; that these gifts, this authority, is limited to this succession. He will argue that as our Lord in person gave miraculous powers, spiritual authority to his own apostles, so, not only had they power to impart these gifts to others, and these again to those who were to succeed them; and that Thronehurst, and through him, he Smuggins, are thus, by direct line of inheritance, possessed by this process of certain spiritual authority, and power to confer spiritual privileges—make very earthly elements the vehicles of the most holy, miraculous graces. We are not going to question whether Smuggins is right in all this. We shall not take up the theological view of the subject as a matter of discussion. But living in the pleasant town of Stiffchurch, having to go through our public duty to God there, and hearing all this and much more from the curates and Smuggins, their rector,—seeing they do thus all claim from us the belief that they wear their absurd dress on principle, as an outward visible assertion of their inward spiritual authority—we wish to know whether any one of them is really *internally conscious* that he is this living offshoot from the great true apostolical root? Does Smuggins in dressing-gown and slippers, bed-candle lighted, proceeding to retire to rest, really believe he is thus and to this degree, an apostle? Has the awful power Thronehurst has given him added any one new emotion, or fresh instinct, which so differs from the old identity of his nature, that he is satisfied he has thus obtained a supernature?

It is difficult to sit down and calmly consider the demand now making upon the laity of this kingdom, to submit to the spiritual dominion of these priests, without asking of ourselves, if these gentlemen are thus supernaturally apostolical, have this awful title to our spiritual allegiance, how is it that, besides what they buy of their tailor, they do not prove the fact by some demonstration of a very high spiritual character, such as a rational man would expect to accompany a supernatural calling? Is their conversation more spiritual than that of other men? Are they more self-denying, more humble, less given to personal display, less offensive from official pride? When we meet them in society—at dinner, breakfast, on the lawn at croquet, or enjoying the relaxation of an archery meeting—strip them of their sartorialism, and therefore of their ecclesiasticism, are they not very much like other men? Can I believe that Smuggins, to whom my daughter went after 8 a.m. service to confession, returning happy in his absolution, could be as full of fun as the most light-hearted mortal two hours afterwards? Whatever we have, of course we know we hold in earthen vessels; but is it possible to believe that the Great Author of all good would give to all who seek it—having the learning and the testimonials—these apostolical gifts, and this priestly authority, without the vessel of earth becoming evidently more fitted to contain such grace and power, given so direct from Heaven for so high and holy an end as the spiritual rule of mankind? It has always struck us painfully, that the very worst aspect in which we can regard a large body of clergy assembled for any purpose whatever, is that of a congregation of apostles—men with peculiar gifts derived from the Apostles, as these took their gifts from our Lord. When we stop to consider how one got his curacy, the other his living, a third his wife, and so

on; when we weigh them in the scales of social life, it is impossible to find in them or about them any real difference from other men, beyond the fact that they belong to a peculiar profession. They might have been barristers, M.D.'s, or attorneys—they happen to be clergymen, many of them good clergymen, men most estimable; but we altogether fail to trace any change in their common human identity from the fact of their being ordained.

The visitation, or great clerical gathering, disperses; every parson to his parsonage, curate to his lodging, bishop to his palace. Beneath the shadow of the domestic tree can any one of them discover any, the least proof, that they are held to be anything else but men of a profession? Do their servants, their landladies, their wives, regard them really in any other light? Does Mrs. Smuggins in private life hold Smug to be to her an apostle any more than Mrs. Cluppins, his landlady, did in his curate bachelor days? Would Mrs. S. rate him so soundly and so properly for his domestic weaknesses, his untidy habits, if she felt matrimony had united her to a lineal inheritor of apostolic gifts? If the clergy who assume this authority are right, how is it to be explained that, however brave and audacious they may be to proclaim the fact, they are yet so very cowardly in much in which the apostles were very brave? Would Paul, Peter, or Timothy, had they lived in these days of snug incumbencies, have been dumb as against the vices and irreligion of the rich, their tyranny over the poor, their selfish neglect of all that could give that poor the ordinary necessities of a decent life? When we sit down to think of the great works doing by the Church for the fallen women, the young criminals, for the reformation of poor, dirty vice wherever it can be found, we rejoice to see ecclesiasticism turned to so good account; we admit that here is proof that the men who are working out this good, must be good men. Where we are at once led to doubt their apostolicity is in the fact that harlotism, gambling, sumptuary extravagance, the most open opposition to the piety the Apostles taught, abounds in the wealthy classes, and yet we never by any chance hear of the clergy as a body, very rarely of any individual of them, rebuking it.

We hear a great deal of the amount of money obtained from the wealthy for churches—we see thus a heavy claim for gratitude from the clergy; we do not see them showing that most paternal of all gratitude—a desire to save the souls of the rich, as strong as that they evince to rescue the poor. We are for ever told that the Church of England is the poor man's Church, and so, thank God, it is—thus far, that, in theory at least, every the poorest man has a right to worship in it; every the poorest man can claim as a right spiritual help from its ministry. We think, however, if by lineal inheritance of great spiritual power the clergy of the day were for the day, in their degree, the true apostles of the one Church, they would be less careful about coats and cassocks, discipline and ceremonial, the outward adorning of themselves and their churches; they would seek first to regard all men as on one level, for their purpose, and be just as active to save and rebuke silk and broadcloth as fustian and cotton print. It is just because we see clergymen, however excellent and estimable in themselves, however active after their own fashion, still acting like other men, when to contend for the faith is to fight with the rich and powerful, that we become confirmed in our view that Smuggins the rector is after all in body and in spirit the same ordinary human being he was to the hour of his ordination. He deals with holy matters and holy things, is bound to a holy profession, does his utmost, as one of ourselves, to fill a serious part, with a proper sense of his responsibility. It is because we can detect no one proof in him that he has changed his identity, is anything but a professional, that we altogether dispute his possession of any directly derived apostolic power. In him all is yet nature, improved, we admit, by grace; for although a weak, he is a religious man. The supernature we deny, and therefore wish he would not claim power to absolve us of our sins, and act with the authority of a spiritual officer rather than with that of a teacher and minister according to the law of the land. We are prepared to admit that the clerical profession has a most distinguished, historical lineage; we are not prepared to accept as altogether beyond doubt either that it reaches the Apostles, or that if it did we have any proof that it inherits any of their power.

#### THE CHOLERA.

It is, perhaps, well that human beings should occasionally be frightened into common sense and prudence by the threat of



some terrible visitation of pestilence. Most probably but for such gentle hints to mend our ways or put our houses in order, the commonest precautions as to health would be neglected, and death be allowed to carry off as many victims by dribblets as by one fell swoop of his scythe. The hotbeds of disease, by which man's life-blood is gradually but surely poisoned, would attract no attention, or be contemplated with the calmest indifference. The plague or the pestilence is like the startling call that awakes the sluggard to a sense of the ruin he is preparing for himself, or the first warning tremors of delirium to the drunkard. We have been taught through its bitter experiences how, by providing against great calamities, the ordinary chances of life may be multiplied through a little care and prudent foresight. By good drainage, by a plentiful supply of pure water, by disinfectants restoring ozone to the polluted atmosphere of our lanes and alleys, and by preventing the pollution of our rivers by sewage, we not only provide against the great epidemics, but fortify the masses to meet the minor maladies that flesh is heir to. The notice, therefore, with which we have been timely served that cholera is wending its way to our shores will not, we trust, be without its good effects in rousing into action the energies of boards of health, sanitary inspectors, parish authorities, and the whole strength of the medical profession, to devise measures to keep the unwelcome intruder out of the country, or, if that be impossible, to mitigate its ravages. The course taken by the Exeter Town Council is evidently in the right direction, and deserves to have attention called to it as worthy of imitation by all similar bodies in the kingdom. These gentlemen have divided themselves into committees, with a view to a house-to-house visitation of the city, inspecting its drainage, and promoting the ventilation and cleansing of the dwellings. If this self-imposed duty be discharged efficiently, Exeter will be saved from much mortality and affliction; and, what may be done there can be done in other towns, unless indeed their circumstances are remarkably unfavourable.

It is now perfectly understood that there are no classes of disease in which the principle that prevention is better than cure holds good to a greater extent than in epidemics. The very word implies that there is something—be it fungi or spores—dwelling in the air above us, hovering around us, and searching everywhere among the human bodies below a congenial soil to plant their roots in and flourish. The case has been well illustrated by that of the mushroom spawn, and the hotbeds carefully prepared for its reception. On one bed, whatever be the skill and attention bestowed on its construction, the spawn will either perish or vegetate sparsely, with a stunted growth; in another, to all appearance in no respect better fitted for its end, there will be a vigorous and abundant crop. It may with confidence be assumed that there are, at all times, in the ill-drained, ill-ventilated, and overcrowded quarters of our great cities, large quantities of human hot-beds well fitted for a successful reception of cholera-spawn; and that all that is necessary to secure an immediate growth is to drop a few of the ova on them. We hear of the cholera reaching a climax in such places as Constantinople, Alexandria, and Cairo, and declining after a severe scourging of the populations. The truth that seems to be indicated by this fact is, that the greater number of ripe hot-beds have been carried away or cured, and that the pestilence becomes exhausted solely through want of proper fuel to feed it. What the particular condition of the human body is that constitutes this predisposition to cholera, it is impossible exactly to tell. Persons in apparently vigorous health, with robust frames and florid complexions, will be attacked as well as the sickly and attenuated. The play of the disease is at times so capricious that it baffles the whole theory and practice of the medical profession. Yet, by experience, we find that, somehow or other, its ravages are aggravated by bad food, bad water, bad air, and by habits of uncleanness, and that, on the contrary, they are diminished whenever the ordinary conditions of health are observed. Among these conditions, cleanliness—a virtue justly counted as next to godliness—occupies no unimportant place. We know that power in the human frame to resist the infection of such epidemics as fevers and influenza, is greatly increased by promoting a healthy action of the pores of the skin; and it is not unlikely that the same holds good as to cholera. Judicious ablutions and friction of the surface of the body may, therefore, be safely put down among the preventives of this disease. It is needless to talk of good food—a sufficient supply of which is as necessary to good health as the sap that ascends from the root to the trunk and leaves of a tree. But it is here that the poor are at such a terrific disadvantage; for poverty and starvation are almost convertible terms, and filth is the inevitable accompaniment of both. They are not, however,

left alone; for the mischief recoils on the rich, who, however they may seclude themselves, and however great may be their facilities of flying from the haunts of the disease, cannot completely sever their connection with the poor, and consequently often die in numbers. Among the sanitary efforts that should be made to mitigate the ravages of this pestilence, if it comes to our shores, should be included some philanthropic movement throughout this autumn and winter to provide employment for every able-bodied person, and food and clothing for such as are unable to work. Money were better benevolently spent in this way than in funeral expenses, incurred by wealthy families decimated by the ravages of the disease. The best return for such charity would be the lives of loved ones spared which no money can replace.

But the best preservative is pure air. Experience has proved that the breeding-places of every kind of pestilence, and the lodgings in which every imported plague takes up its abode, are where the atmosphere is polluted by the various deleterious gases that the decomposition of animal or vegetable matter produces. It seems to be considered probable among scientific men that the seeds of the disease fasten on, or take into company, the poisonous products of this decomposition, which being then inhaled into the lungs of the people living in such localities, commit there the greatest ravages. The remainder of the community are by no means safe, for nobody can tell in what directions and to what houses these diminutive wedded couplets of cholera and poison may be blown. One theory is that proto-carburet of hydrogen, an abundant product of cesspools and drains, and overcrowded sleeping-rooms, is the vehicle which carries about and distributes the poisonous germ of cholera. Such a theory can be no more than a conjecture, but that something of the kind takes place is by no means unlikely. There is a sufficient probability, however, in the conjecture to show the great importance of calling every agency into operation by which the atmosphere in these *habitats* of plague may be disinfected and rendered less deleterious to health. Organizations should be started in every parish in London, after the example of the committees of the Exeter Town Council, to carry out a house-to-house visitation. No great difficulty ought to be experienced in collecting a staff of willing and competent persons round the clergy and the physicians of each parish pledged to this mission of "pure air."

A great advantage we enjoy now is the knowledge which science has conferred on hygiene of the agency of ozone in purifying the atmosphere; and it appears that this ozone can be artificially created. It is the best disinfectant. In fact, ozone is everywhere, even in the most contaminated localities, carrying on a struggle with pollution in which its own dissolution is the price it pays for the conquest of its enemy. Wherever the poison is thickest, there its own death is most rapid, and its place only requires to be filled by more ozone, in order that the work it has so well commenced may be completed. If the poison is to the east of a house, there the ozone tests indicate the absence of this salutary agent, and informs the sanitary inspector where his aid is most wanted. It can annihilate the proto-carburet of hydrogen which cholera makes its Pegasus to ride on in its career of death. Such knowledge, unheard of in former visitations of cholera, is truly invaluable, and will, we trust, be turned to beneficial account should the enemy again show himself on English soil.

But while we take every precaution which even the certainty of such a visit should demand, it is a satisfaction to know that this scourge, so far, shows no inclination to travel northwards from the basin of the Mediterranean. It is a curious fact, lately much noticed, that its ravages have been hitherto confined to the coasts of that sea, from which it has penetrated to a very trifling distance inland. It has broken out in Constantinople, in Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo, Ancona, Malta, and Marseilles, and there have been a few cases at Gibraltar; but beyond the circle of these localities, it has scarcely travelled. There must be some cause for this singular phenomenon, which modern science forbids us to attribute to the capricious malice of an evil demon. If the theory to which we have referred speaks truth, there must either have been a large quantity of the proto-carburet of hydrogen produced in that region this year, or the cholera germs are in unusual abundance.

A curious document, a draft of a report submitted by the President of the Sanitary Department for Egypt to the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and which has just been brought under public notice, throws some light on this question in suggesting a probable account of the first origin of cholera. If any charnel-house of pollution could give birth to a terrible disease, the document has certainly pointed it out. The birth-place assigned is the Holy Land of Islamism, and notably the cities of Mecca and Medina, and the occasion the celebrated



annual pilgrimage to the former holy city. Not less than 700,000 pilgrims congregate there at the Feast of Beiram; and live, during their sojourn, in nameless filth under a burning sun, and in an atmosphere contaminated by exhalations that baffle description. The poorest pilgrim must sacrifice a sheep; and the stench and miasma that issue from the offal of 700,000 of these animals, and from the decomposing bodies of the thousands of pilgrims who die on the spot and are half buried in the sand, are truly appalling. It was impossible that some deadly plague should not issue some day from such a nest of corruption. It so happened this year: very quickly cholera broke out, and not less than 100,000 pilgrims died in a fortnight—the pestilence increasing in intensity as its victims succumbed. The Egyptian Government is anxious that the European Powers should take the matter in hand. It is shocking that such a base superstition should be allowed to spread death and terror over the whole world. If European civilization has prevailed in checking superstition in the Indian suttee and the worship of Juggernaut, its beneficial influence ought assuredly to be brought into action where the evil has assumed such enormous proportions, and has become so disastrous to humanity.

#### THE ROAD-HILL MURDER.

THE bald confession upon which Constance Kent was lately sentenced to death for the murder of her half-brother has been supplemented by an ampler confession, which proceeds, however, not directly from her, but in the form of a narrative of what fell from her lips, when Dr. J. C. Bucknill, Lunacy Commissioner for Chancery Patients, examined her, with the permission of the Lord Chancellor, to ascertain whether there were any grounds for supposing that she was labouring under mental disease. It is still, we doubt not, as reliable as if it came to us under her own hand; and as it does not in the least vary her self-accusation, its authenticity, were we inclined to question it, would be a matter of very little consequence. It informs us only of the method by which she executed the murder, and is, therefore, as a confession, of interest only to those who love to pry into the minutest details of criminal acts. We may call this desire a prurient curiosity, and in the majority of minds it is possible that it is nothing more. But there is a terrible fascination in details which show us, step by step, how the murderous intention was conceived and carried out, especially in a case in which the criminal was a girl of fifteen, and the victim her half-brother, of years so tender that it is impossible he could ever have given her cause of offence. For a time there was an impression that, by a diabolical ingenuity of malice, she had revenged upon this child wrongs which she had sustained from its mother, and a picture was drawn of the domestic rule of the second Mrs. Kent, showing it to be of so oppressive a character that her step-daughter was lashed into a desire for vengeance. But this description of the family at Road-hill House turns out to have been a fabrication, and Constance Kent's second confession confirms the statement of her first, that both her father and step-mother had always treated her kindly. Neither did she dislike the child. "She had no ill-will against the little boy," writes Dr. Bucknill, "except as one of the children of her step-mother." She had even at one time entertained a great regard for the present Mrs. Kent; but "if any remark was at any time made which, in her opinion, was disparaging to any member of the first family, she treasured it up, and determined to revenge it." This is all the light which her second and fuller confession throws on the question of motive.

As to the manner in which she committed the crime, the details are ample, and so horrible in the calm deliberation, the steady unwavering purpose to shed blood which they display, that, granting her to have been responsible for her actions, her crime is one which, for sheer devilishness, we may almost say is unparalleled. First, a few days before the murder she got possession of a razor from a green case in her father's wardrobe and secreted it, at the same time secreting a candle and matches by placing them in a corner of the closet in the garden where the murder was committed. It does not appear that for a moment she hesitated whether she should proceed to exact revenge for the unwary words which had given her offence. There is not a trace of compunction in the whole of her story. On the night of the murder she undressed herself and went to bed, because she expected that her sisters would visit her room; and she lay awake there watching until she thought the household were all asleep. It was not a hardened woman, full of wrongs, or vitiated by long years of depravity, who kept watch thus; but a girl in the gentlest period of life,

when the strongest and best emotions of her sex begin to make themselves felt, and to develop into that profound tenderness and lovingness which reach their ultimate expression in the fidelity of the wife and the boundless love of the mother. Soon after midnight she left her bedroom, went downstairs, and opened the drawing-room door and window shutters; and then, going up into the nursery, she pulled the blanket from between the sheet and the counterpane, and, having placed it on the side of the cot, took the child from his bed, and in her night-dress carried him downstairs through the drawing-room. She held him in one arm, and with her other hand raised the drawing-room window; went round the house, and into the closet; lighted the candle, and placed it on the seat. All this while, the child, wrapped in the blanket, was still sleeping. And now Miss Constance took her razor, and while the boy slept made the wound in his throat. She watched for the blood to flow, and thought it "would never come;" so she thrust the razor into his left side, and put the body, with the blanket round it, into the vault. She would seem to have waited for some time, for "the light burnt out" before she left the closet. Then she quietly went back to her bedroom, examined her dress, and washed out two spots of blood which she found upon it; threw the water, which was but little discoloured, into the footpan in which she had washed her feet over-night; took out another of her night-dresses, and—got into bed. We should not be surprised to hear that she slept sound till morning. When she rose she found that the night-dress from which she had washed the two stains of blood had become dry. "She folded it up and put it into the drawer." Subsequently finding, upon holding it up to the light, that the blood-stains had not been effectually washed out, she moved it from place to place until she found means to burn it, and to put the ashes, or tinder, into the kitchen-grate. On the Saturday morning after the murder, she also managed to restore the razor to its green case in the wardrobe; and, to make good the number of her night-dresses, she abstracted from the clothes-basket the dress she had put there—sending the housemaid away under pretence of fetching her a glass of water—thus throwing the loss of a dress upon the laundress, whose memory, however, was too clear to be so cheated.

If a sane being can conceive and carry out with such detestable coolness, with such merciless insensibility—a girl of fifteen, too, who, we might expect, would faint at the sight of blood—a murder so cruel, so cold-blooded, done without wincing—without, before or after the deed, showing a sign of trepidation or of embarrassment—and not thrust on by any of those motives to which commonly murder is to be traced, then we must say that between such sanity and insanity there is not much to choose. Certainly her conduct was coherent enough. As before the murder she had prepared her plans, so when the nursemaid, Eliza Gough, was accused she made up her mind to confess if the girl was convicted, and commit suicide if she herself was convicted. But madness has its method as well as sanity. Dr. Bucknill is not one of those alienists who favour the plea of insanity; but although when he examined Constance Kent he did not find that she evinced any symptoms of insanity at the time of this examination, and says that, so far as it was possible to ascertain the state of her mind at so remote a period, there was no evidence of it at the time of the murder, he is "yet of opinion that, owing to the peculiarities of her constitution, it is probable that under prolonged solitary confinement she would become insane." If this means anything, it means that she has, at least, a tendency to insanity. "Peculiarities of constitution" is a very vague term; but, indefinite as it is, it affirms that the person having such peculiarities differs constitutionally from people in general: to such a degree, in the case of Constance Kent, that, in Dr. Bucknill's opinion, the prison discipline which others can bear would drive her mad. He refers to the circumstance which occurred when she was only thirteen years of age, of her cutting off her hair, dressing herself in her brother's clothes, and leaving her home with the intention of going abroad, as indicating "a peculiarity of disposition, and great determination of character, which foreboded that, for good or evil, her future life would be remarkable;" and he adds, "This peculiar disposition, which led her to such singular and violent resolves of action, seemed also to colour and intensify her thoughts and feelings, and magnify into wrongs that were to be revenged any little family incidents or occurrences which provoked her displeasure." From the concluding paragraph of his letter it appears that, sane or not sane, Dr. Bucknill thinks that Miss Kent's peculiarities are such as to require a relaxation of the commuted sentence of penal servitude. But if the argument of "peculiarity" is to be pushed thus far in her favour, should we not henceforth rank Dr. Bucknill amongst the authorities who advocate the plea of moral insanity?



## THE HELVETIC SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

WE gave last week some account of the proceedings of this society during its session at Geneva, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of August. Several reasons combined to make the recent meeting more than usually interesting to the members of the association, and the society itself is one which has large claims upon the sympathy of men of all countries who cultivate physical and natural science. It is now fifty years since its foundation, so that the meeting was a sort of jubilee. Moreover, it has lately happened that two of the Genevese savants, Professor A. de la Rive and Professor Plantamour, have been elected members of the Institute of France, in recognition of the services they have rendered to the cause of science; so that on this account also there was a special meaning in the numerous gathering of representatives from all parts of the Confederation. Geneva, too, was the birthplace of the itinerating society, and thus it was right that the fiftieth anniversary should be held there.

As regards the world outside, this society is especially interesting as being the first formed of all the itinerating societies which now further the interests of natural and social science in our own country and in other lands. There had been abundant scientific societies all over Europe before 1815, but not one on the principle which has now found so much favour and has already worked such good results. There were, for instance, societies in East Switzerland and societies in West Switzerland; German-Swiss and French-Swiss savants met independently to throw light upon natural science; the Protestant cantons and the Roman Catholic respectively held aloof—in short, there was no sort of union, even in the interests of science, among the discordant elements which make up the *Confédération Suisse*. It chanced in 1815 that some savants from the East of Switzerland met some of their Western brethren at the house of Dr. Gosse, near Geneva, and the host suggested that something should be done in the way of permanently uniting the then scattered elements. It is a tradition in his family that it was with a view to something else than scientific union that the founder of the society proposed his scheme. He believed that great social advantage would accrue to Switzerland in general from the regular intercommunion of the cantons on any subject whatever, and he saw that natural science was the best way for rallying the men of the Federation round one centre. In order still further to push the working out of his idea, he suggested that the annual meetings should be held in the German and French cantons alternately, and should not be confined to the largest only of the one or the other. Such was the origin of the society, and on its model the societies of Germany, Great Britain, and Holland have been formed. The children have far outgrown the parent, but still the Swiss Society is a very considerable power, both numerically and scientifically, numbering 800 members, and producing many very thoughtful and ingenious illustrations and aids of the march of science. And even if its scientific achievements, instead of being most respectable, had been nothing, the social work it has done would have earned our respect. Viewed politically, the sticks which make up the Swiss faggot are in such very ill accord one with another, that to have brought about peaceable and free intercourse among the cantons is to have done a great thing. Thus, for example, it was only after twelve years had passed from the foundation of the society, that the Roman Catholic cantons laid aside their jealousies and threw in their lot with the rest. And in almost any one of the rooms in which the different sections met there were elements of vehement discord present which needed only a subject more politically exciting, or an imprudent or malicious word or two, to break out into very unpleasant activity. And Geneva, too, is a centre of disturbances. It was only last year that political animosities rose so high in that diminutive little outpost of France or of Switzerland—according to the view taken by the opposite factions—that many lives were lost and much wanton mischief was done. Indeed, the scenes of violence then enacted, and the federal execution which resulted from them, and inflicted upon the already over-burdened town the expense entailed by military occupation, has left such a vivid impression upon the minds of the Genevese that the Natural Science Society dared hold no private meeting on the evening of the 22nd, the anniversary of the day when the electioneering vehemence of the people took the form of bullets and bayonets.

It was interesting for those who have taken part in the proceedings of the British Association to compare the style in which that great society does its work with the manner in which things are done by its antetype. The English visitors

present were very few. Beyond a member or two of the *ignotum vulgus*, the names of Tyndall and Frankland exhaust the list. Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Copenhagen, we may add, were represented by scientific men of reputation. The first step taken by the society was strange to English ideas, namely, a private meeting on Sunday evening. At eight o'clock on Monday morning—again something new in the earliness of the hour—a meeting of committee arranged preliminaries, and at ten o'clock the first general meeting was held in the Conservatoire de Musique, the large room of which was well filled. Professor Auguste de la Rive was naturally President for the year, as he was also on the last occasion of the annual meeting being held in his native town. His presidential address was in two parts, of which the former was the more instructive. In it he remarked with much acuteness and ingenuity upon the seemingly opposite lines in which modern science runs—the one leading to the most distant abstraction, the other applying the results of science to the most ordinary affairs of every-day life. The second part of the address dealt with the theory of glaciers, and, though it might be well enough as a *résumé*, it was nothing more than that. There was, however, a special reason for making this subject a prominent one in the inaugural address, for this year is the jubilee, so to speak, of the glacier theory, and Geneva was its birthplace—at least, so M. de la Rive made it appear. It seems that in 1815 the theory now adopted presented itself to the mind of Charpentier; and, though he rejected it as improbable, still the Swiss, and especially the Genevese, claim him as the originator. M. de la Rive read his address rapidly and indistinctly, so that the omission of M. Rendu's name may have been rather apparent than real.

At the same general meeting three or four papers were read before the society dispersed to its sections. It was in the manner of conducting the sectional business that the greatest departure from the order and dignity of the British association appeared. To take the *Physique* and *Chimie*, for example: M. de la Rive assembled the two sections at the Athénée, and in a short colloquial speech proposed a president, secretaries, &c., the former being a very stout German with a large velvet wide-awake of no particular shape. Tired of standing, perhaps, M. de la Rive then sat on the front bench, with his back to the audience, and continued his remarks, and after a time asked who had papers to read to the sections, as it would be well to have a list made out. Innocent Englishmen were rather surprised when they found that no sort of arrangement had been so far made on the point. No one spoke, and the president said a few words about false modesty. Then some one got up and pointed to a corner, and said that M. — there had a paper on *Chimie*. Very well, put him down. Then some one else got up, and declared that Professor — had something for the *Physique* section, to which Professor —, after a little pressure, assented. And so, by means of kind friends, a dozen or so men became pledged to give papers. Next came the question, what were the papers to be on? Here was a difficulty. Some of them had no title ready, and the sectional president was more at home with German scientific terms than French; but that was got over after a time, and so the day's proceedings closed, the reading of the papers occupying the two next days. The only lists of papers were the manuscript lists posted on the doors of the rooms in which the sections met, and even so much information as that could not be obtained regarding the Medical section.

The evening reunions were delightful. M. de Candolle's charming country house *au Vallon*, with its views of the Mole and the valley of Sixt and the snows of the Buet—its verandahs, moreover, and tasteful rooms, and most agreeable grounds adorned by the liberal hand of a Genevese climate—above all, as the gastronomic performances of the assembled four hundred seemed to put it, the abundant hospitality administered in all the abandon of an out-of-door repast by lamplight, are things we cannot have in England, and so it is of no use to long for them. It is equally in vain, we fear, to wish that in our own conversaziones we could achieve some of the perfect freedom which gave to the crowd of science assembled in M. de Candolle's grounds the air of a gathering of intimate friends. The dinner each day, which took place in the Federal building, could scarcely be adopted at our monster meetings, for three hundred covers satisfied the demand for places. Nor would the hour, three o'clock, have suited English taste; still less the hour fixed for Wednesday, when two or three hundred men dined at one o'clock, in order to get away in good time to Dr. Gosse's hospitable *campagne* at Mornex, on the further side of the Salève. This was the last act of the meeting of 1865, and fitly so, for a visit to *l'Ermitage* (Dr. Gosse's house) was in fact a pilgrimage to the cradle of the society.



## BEACH RAMBLES.

A BEACH ramble is either a very dull or a very enjoyable exercise. There are those to whom the dreariness of the sea is equalled only by that of the sands. The monotonous waves have no music for them, and the pebbles no other effect but that of trying their corns. The height of their enjoyment is reached when a party of ladies are surprised, as often happens at Rhyll, by the tide on a sand-bank, and compelled to submit to be carried to shore on the shoulders of some gallant gentleman, or when they read a notice such as was lately fixed up at Scullercoats: "Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the magistrate." Their sea-side pleasures, in short, may be counted exactly by the number of promenaders on the esplanade, of donkeys throwing their riders, monkeys exhibited by organ-grinders, and dandies showing off themselves and their steeds to the best advantage. As to a romantic and secluded beach, they infinitely prefer Bond-street and Burlington-arcade, and little think that the gems in costly settings, which they spend hours in admiring at Emanuel's and Hancock's, have a common basis with the flint and clay pebbles on the beach they call dull. But what are silica and alumina to them? What care they about the genealogy of opals and sapphires?

To others, the shingly walk is a region of enchantment, and the verge of mystery and wonder. The vast watery level, which is no level, but ever crisping and billowing, for them combines every element of grandeur, attractiveness, and terror. It is the wandering grave of millions; it is the source of life to the world. Ever advancing, ever receding, it will suck down the tallest mountains in time, submerge the widest continents, and throw up, it may be, other Europes, Asias, Africas, and Americas. The hills and precipices that rise in its dark and weltering depths will one day see the light, rekindle the fires of morning, and colour their snow-crowned heights with sunset's rosy tints. The valleys that now repose in midnight murkiness, far below the green light that glimmers some fathoms below the surface of the sea, will clothe their sides with woodlands, and spread meadows ankle-deep in flowers along glassy streams. Infinite deposits are sifting now, as they have sifted for ages, into the watery gloom, to delight and edify naturalists in ages to come with infinite forms of extinct life. Cities and palaces of future generations, or the materials at least of which they will be built, are forming at this moment in the blind abysses of the ocean; and a countless host of God's labourers are, in life and death, in the unknown hidden ooze, in the grey mud—of which some portion came up with the lead of the *Great Eastern's* sounding-chain—employed in constructing, atom after atom, by tiny and pulverized shells, by whorls, valves, *opercula* and *apices*, the strata whereon new races of men will rise, flourish, and decay. Oh gentle deep! oh wild and destructive waters! oh cherished sands! on which Ocean's finger is ever busily writing as much of his wondrous history as it is good for us to learn. How fresh and odorous is this sea-breeze! how beautiful are the prismatic colours that dapple the waves! How pleasant it is to watch the various forces with which they bathe the shore; now drowsy and whispering; now tossing their liquid pearls and diamonds with shrill note; now thundering on the crags; now coiling and hissing around the beetling cliffs! How abundant are the natural objects that court the inquiring Rambler! Here he collects bright algæ and marvellous zoophytes, hunts the cockle and the razor-shell, and searches for agates and fossils among the heaps of shingle.

Of all companions in a beach ramble there is none more serviceable than a hammer, and it should be heavy and short-handled, as becomes a geologist. Besides utility, it looks very knowing to be tapping and chipping about in all directions, and literally knocking the secrets out of the stones. To add to the effect, it will be well to wear a waterproof cap, with a curtain to it, in rough weather. Let your coat be of tweed or fustian, with large pockets; your boots doubly soled and hob-nailed, and your socks woollen. Put a Cording's indiarubber cape with sleeves in one of your pockets; eschew umbrella and stick; take a canvas bag for your specimens, and don't forget your cigar case. Thus equipped, if you have good legs, good eyes, and no debts, you may fairly expect to reap your reward in moss-agates; and the best field for sport will be an unfrequented beach, somewhere about half-tide, and when the tide is running out. Depend upon it, collecting pebbles is, when steadily pursued, quite as amusing as fly-fishing, and may even be equalled to a raid upon puzzled rabbits, with keeper, ferrets, and "varmint" dogs. That magical hammer will reveal many things pleasant to behold, and amid countless boulders of flint and heaps of hardened gravel, will lead you to select those smooth translucent pebbles, those variegated jaspers, agates,

carnelians, and aquamarines, which will best deserve the lapidary's saw and polish. It will strike away the opaque crust from fossil petrifications, and bring to light the alcyonites and ammonites of old worlds in all the symmetry of their native structure. It will stand you in good stead at Dover, at the foot of Shakspeare's Cliff, when you pick up those nodules, which being broken disclose the iron pyrites brilliant as gold. Your hammer, indeed, will prove useful in various emergencies, and you will ply it to great effect, if it should ever fall to your lot to overhaul the ballast cast ashore by a ship from foreign lands. But if you try its strength upon the limpet, you will be surprised to find that the little creature clings so firmly to the rock that, without the assistance of a penknife, you will hardly be able to remove it.

We have often met a labourer by the rushing rivers and waterfalls round Dolmelynllyn who tapped away to some purpose "among the smooth stones of the brook," and always had a snuff-box full of gold he had collected, in his waistcoat-pocket. The beach-rambler can scarcely hope to find such precious spoil; at all events, we regret that we cannot direct him to any English coast on which it may be picked up. We cannot even boast of gems; for a diamond or sapphire found among us would be as strange as a bird of paradise or a white elephant. Our strength and wealth is in our clay, coal, and iron; but we must leave topazes to Saxony, and rubies and garnets to Samarcand and Ceylon.

But it is more to our present purpose to say that we are rich in beaches and pebbles; and uniform as our beaches appear to careless observers, they are, in fact, so different that no two are alike. Their general aspect, and garniture of rocks and flowers, are not more varied than the specimens of fossil and pebble which they hide in their bosom. In South Devon you may find chalcedonies, blue and white, as oval as bantams' eggs, and huge knotted jasper agates of several pounds weight. In Sussex there are agates perfectly white, and good enough for seals; and petrified sponges are by no means rare. Deep red choanites and madrepores await you in the Isle of Wight; Brighton is, or used to be, famous for its "landscape pebbles"; Deal and Ramsgate abound in "fortification agates"; Cromer promises red and white carnelians; Felixstowe has a treasure of yellow agates; Scarborough and Filey glory in their transparencies; and from Sandown to Shanklin, many tons weight of beautiful fossils have been gathered within the compass of a morning's walk. Fifty guineas have been offered to the possessor of a spotted pyriform agate from the Rottingdean beach, but the offer was not accepted.

Our pleasures, however, need not depend on pebbles and petrifications. We may exchange the hammer for the pencil, the easel, or the telescope, and be happy still. Rural delights are concentrated as in a focus in the creeks and coves of mountain ranges, where the earth and ocean commingle in solitude, and the screaming sea-bird alone breaks the silence of uninhabited nature. Shut in by giant cliffs and crags, the bay basks in sunshine, and the breeze scarce crinkles the ebbing tide. Stoop down and pass into the smuggler's cave, where the billows at sunrise gurgled, and, in the cool shadow of dripping rocks, welcome the train of thoughts which cannot fail to arise in the meditative mind. What a market the ocean supplies! In Northern and Southern Europe, the larger part of the natives live on fish. In Argyle and Inverness, as well as in Connemara, it is decidedly the staple article of animal food. The same may be said of Cornwall and part of Devon. Millions of persons subsist on pilchards, haddocks, cod, salmon, and herrings, to say nothing of soles and flat-fish. Yet all these, and shell-fish into the bargain, the sea supplies as it were gratis, without sowing and tillage. The fisher is the sea's only husbandman, the net reaps the harvest. The dwellers inland, who never saw the green deep, are indebted to its breezes for invigorated life. Health and freshness are on their wings, and they chase from the Continent those stagnant vapours in which animal being would sicken and die. The "barren sea," as poets have called it, is rich in produce. The faultless pearl is the excrescence of a wounded shell-fish; and the guano, which, in the last ten years, has rendered thousands of unproductive acres fertile, is obtained from the sea-fowl who feed upon the creatures of the ocean. Our glass-works cannot dispense with sea-sand, nor with a constant supply of kelp from the Orkneys. The porcelain mills in Staffordshire are glad to crush agates and chalcedonies from the beach; and about Granville you may see many labourers employed in stripping bladder-wrack from the rocks and coasts, to use it for manure. The sea, with its shipping and commerce, makes the produce of each land the common property of the world; and, with all its dangers and all its wrecks, is the scene of fewer casualties than the land. The Chinese



commissioner, Yeh, had seventy thousand persons put to death for political reasons, and Napoleon's ambition brought death on the battle-plain to some hundreds of thousands; but how long a period would elapse before such a multitude would perish by the caprice or anger of the boundless deep? "The boundless deep,"—it is a trite expression, and fit for the ears of those only who never consider the relative greatness and littleness of things. As girding the globe, the ocean is, indeed, a prodigious mass of water; but when contrasted with the earth's diameter, it is but a pond. Its average depth cannot be more than five miles, and such a watery envelope would, in proportion to the solid sphere it surrounds, be represented by a coating of varnish on a globe twenty feet in diameter.

But come forth again from your musing cave, and, by the ladder that Nature's hand has cut in the frowning cliff, escape from the lonely beach where the dor-hawk is wheeling overhead, and saucy sea-gulls are screeching almost in your face. Transport yourself to some part of the Essex coast, such as Walton-on-the-Naze, and the sandy bank itself that faces the bathing-place will show how the most barren soil is prolific in beauty and bloom. There are the large handsome flowers of the sea-bindweed scarcely raised above the surface of the sand. They are light pink, with darker stripes of the same colour—short-lived, and delicate. You will find them ragged at the edges, unless you gather them with care. There, too, the sea-holly sends its long cylindrical roots deep into the sand. Its stout, prickly leaves and purplish-blue head of flowers easily distinguish it, and that glaucous, bluish-white bloom it wears is in exquisite keeping with sand and sea. The tamarisk-tree on the cliff is not indigenous, but it grows here luxuriantly, and is endeared to the beach rambler by its elegant foliage and spikes of small heath-like flowers.

Thus, walk where we may, beauty and wonder are in our path. Out of the commingling of earth and ocean arises that multitude of prodigies that haunt the beach—some radiant in the light of day, some coy and veiled, requiring search and coaxing. There, in Nature's own laboratory, it is joy and wisdom to watch her at work—to mark the motion of the shingles, how they shift with the varying tides, and travel rapidly along certain lines of coast, until they arrive at a terminal point or headland—to discover, if we can, by which process zoophytes have been petrified, whether by simple substitution, the particles of one substance being removed, and those of another taking their place, or by actual transmutation, wherein the original substance is neither destroyed nor removed, but altered physically by infiltration, or crystallization, or by both combined—to determine what is often no easy matter, whether the fossil in question belonged to the animal or vegetable kingdom, or whether it is in reality no fossil at all, but simply shoots and ramifications of a metal taking the delicate dendritic form of leaves and filaments of shrubs or seaweed.

We had a few words to say on the pleasure of shrimping—and a great pleasure it was in boyhood to follow the march of the shrimper, knee-deep in the wave, when he pushed the hoop-net before him, and halted every now and then to fill his front pocket with the silvery jumpers; as to visiting *lobster-pots*, and seeing with one's own eyes the deportment of a live lobster, no words can express the fun, so it may as well be passed over in silence. We cannot stay chained to this writing-desk any longer. The afternoon tide is running in with a sound as of fairy bells, and the delicious oyster smell of the sea calls us away. "Good-bye, Dr. Buckland," exclaims an enthusiastic fellow-rambler; "give me my 'wide-awake.'" Down by the zigzag path, and over the dripping tangle! Ah, the brine of that nimble wave was over my "Balmorals" ankle deep. How the wind is rising! Mighty, impulsive wind, making the sands of the desert gyrate in spiral folds 150 feet high, and driving the Atlantic on the coast of Ireland till the waves run seventy feet in a second. If the breeze freshens at this rate, it will soon deliver the surge on the shore with force enough to knock down an ox, or a house, if taken full-face, and to strike, as it did at Sandown, through a solid causeway long ago compacted of clay, gravel, and flint-boulders, and guarded seaward by timber-dykes. Spin away, old earth; we shall presently get a practical notion of your fleetness—turning on your axis at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour at the equator, and moving in your orbit round the sun at a speed of more than 20,000 miles in the same brief space!

#### THE LATEST OF M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

Was it Alphonse Karr, most practical of imaginative writers, or that terribly deep-cutting anatomist of the morale of his

countrymen and countrywomen, Honoré de Balzac, who said, "Les maris me font toujours rire?" We forget. We recall to mind the fact, however, that, from time to time, a great number of French writers have laughed, more or less sardonically, at *monsieur le mari*. But, according to the Rev. Archer Gurney, writing recently in the *Fortnightly Review*, on the subject of "France as it is," French husbands are no longer objects that provoke moralists to laugh. He has lived a good deal in French society, closely studied it, and declares that one conclusion to which his observations have led him is, that infidelity to their marriage-vows on the part of French wives is very rare. "La femme qui se laisse surprendre mérite son sort," says Balzac. Of course, the Rev. Mr. Archer Gurney believes that he has drawn his conclusion from adequate data, and, of course, he is aware that he is at issue on the point with nearly all the writers who may be supposed to reflect in their works the domestic and social habits of France—the novelists and dramatists of the day. "Un mari de talent," Balzac observes, "ne suppose jamais ouvertement que sa femme a un amant;" that she has one he takes for granted. If, however, the fact is really as the Rev. Mr. Archer Gurney states it to be, *monsieur le mari* is very much to be congratulated; and it is to be hoped that he will do all he can to show himself worthy of this very special attention to his comfort on the part of Fortune. At present he is, apparently, not doing much in this direction. The Rev. Mr. Archer Gurney bears no emphatic testimony to his fidelity, and a notion is just now gaining ground that M. Dupin, who has lately been solemnly saying, from his place in the Senate, very disagreeable things about the profligate luxuriousness of some of the prevalent habits of French society, has put the saddle on the wrong horse, in accusing the ladies of being the authors of the evil. The newer idea is, that the gentlemen—*monsieur le mari* included—are more responsible for the state of things that has provoked M. Dupin to raise his senatorial voice against "the unbridled luxury of women." The truth of the subject, in all probability, lies somewhere between the extremes of these two ideas. With all their virtues, French women are clearly not so well thought of by their countrymen as by the Rev. Archer Gurney. They may be "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," but they do not get anything like due credit from those who ought to be best acquainted with their merits. Of all sins, adultery may be the one most abhorrent to them; but, nevertheless, there is not one with which they are more constantly charged, or against which they receive so many terrifying warnings. We cannot help fancying, in spite of the assurance given us by the Rev. Archer Gurney, that the novelists and dramatists of France know what they are about in persistently representing, as they do, matrimonial infidelity as of not unusual occurrence in French any more than it is in English society. "What everybody says," though it may not necessarily be true, is generally found to have at least a percentage of truth in it. French dramatists, in holding the mirror up to French nature, evidently believe that in married life the percentage of infidelity is rather high. They are quite agreed with the novelists, that it is a very bad thing; and George Sand objected to marriage specifically because it led to adultery. M. Emile de Girardin—who has turned his flexible attention to so many things in his time—has latterly turned it to the subject of adultery, and with very striking results. There is not the least room for doubting that he does not believe it to be of very rare occurrence in France. About this time last year—in the slack season of politics—he made some reflections on the subject, and also reduced them to the following formula:—"The deeper we probe into the conjugal problem, the more we arrive at this conclusion—that, where there is not mutual fidelity, there is nothing but inextricable complication of situations and inevitable debasement of characters." And on the basis of this formula he has written two dramas, which, on various accounts, have made a great stir in Paris.

In the month of September, last year, M. de Girardin was enjoying his autumn holiday in the country, in a way peculiarly his own—that is to say, rising at five o'clock in the morning and doing a good lump of work before giving himself up to the society of those with whom he was living. "L'oisiveté la plus pesante est l'oisiveté accidentelle d'un esprit laborieux," he finds, and gets over the difficulty, when he is holiday-making in the country, by writing a three-act play in as many mornings. The fruit of his three mornings' work last September was called "Le Supplice d'une Femme" and, at the entreaty of friends, was submitted to the reading committee of the Théâtre Français, by whom it is considered *périlleux*. He had dug so deep into the "conjugal problem," that even at the theatre the result was thought to be dangerous.



M. de Girardin objected *in toto* to the verdict; but consented to allow his piece to be made less *périlleux*, by being touched up by "un auteur encore jeune, mais auquel de grands et nombreux succès ont donné une vieille expérience"—in other words, M. Alexandre Dumas fils. "Le Supplice d'une Femme," when produced with its *périlleux* elements eliminated, created a *furor*. It was brought out on the 29th of April, and is, we believe, still running. Everybody concerned with its production was delighted with its success—everybody but M. de Girardin, who protested against any applause being given to the piece, under the idea of its being *his* piece. To make out his case, he printed his play—*édition de luxe*, price four francs—both his own version and that of M. Alexandre Dumas fils. Why the one version was thought to be dangerous and the other was not, is a mystery which we cannot pretend to fathom. M. de Girardin considered the alterations made to his play only so many mutilations, and said so roundly; in fact, he accused his uninvited *collaborateur* of having utterly destroyed "Le Supplice d'une Femme." This was not pleasant for M. Alexandre Dumas fils, who retorted:—"If M. de Girardin prefers being hissed to being applauded, he can easily gratify his fancy; he has only to write a play by himself." M. de Girardin's character is well known. He says of himself, in the preface to the drama in dispute:—"Those who know me, know that I never decline responsibility for anything I say, or write, or do." A challenge, in any shape, is the last thing he would think of declining. The "still young" author had challenged him to write a piece by himself. Three mornings' work, and it was done: title, "Les Deux Sœurs;" subject, adultery—from another point of view. On the 12th of last month it was brought out at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, perfectly mounted, perfectly played; but—shocking to relate—it was hissed! Alone he did it—and it was hissed!—by a cabal, headed by M. Alexandre Dumas fils, says M. de Girardin, of course. Whereupon there arises one of the smartest paper-wars that has raged for many a long day. In his own paper, the *Presse*, M. de Girardin fights his own battle with as much ardour as he could display in the service of his dearest friend, and he is aided by M. Ernest Feydeau, author of "Fanny," of impure renown, who specially falls foul of a former acquaintance of his, M. Francisque Sarcey, a critic, who was actually heard to hiss "Les Deux Sœurs" on a particular occasion, when the public were admitted to the theatre gratuitously, and expressed their satisfaction by applauding the performances. M. de Girardin's own account of the affair of the first night's performance is charming from every point of view. "Rien," he writes, "rien ne saurait donner l'élan de ce public indigné, se mettant aussitôt à crier à outrance: l'auteur! l'auteur! They believed that the author was in the manager's box; they sought him there without finding him, the actors all the while remaining on the stage and expressing by signs that they, none of them, knew where the author was. Where was he? He was at the back of one of the side boxes, chatting tranquilly with M. Amédée Achard; the persistence of these cries at length interrupted this chat; he went out of the box and learned what was passing; with one bound he sprang upon the stage, where he appeared surrounded by his able interpreters, in the presence of that sympathetic public whom he desired to be the judge, in the first instance, of his first representation; he was greeted with double salvos of applause. The entire audience was filled with emotion that continued some time afterwards; for, in spite of the rain, the author found, on leaving the theatre, a crowd of spectators waiting to give him a new testimony of their sympathy. What is thought of that by M. Francisque Sarcey, who couples with the functions of critic those of hisser?" M. Francisque Sarcey has put it in evidence that he does not think anything of it; and so the ink-duel goes on, the wonder being that the paper bullets which have been flying about so thickly have not, long ere this, been changed into lead.

We ourselves have not seen the play which has given rise to all this pother, nor has the printed copy of it yet reached our hands. The excellent Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has tempered our curiosity, however, by the amusing account which he has given of the plot. According to him, the story of "Les Deux Sœurs" is this:—

"Two sisters marry—one a certain Marquis de Terreplane, the other a M. de Puybrun. Husband No. 1 is gouty, old, and, in fact, just what a husband should not be; while husband No. 2 is a compendium of every human excellence, and just what a husband should be, and which most French husbands decidedly are not. Sister No. 1, who is never so happy as when "on duty," like a conscientious policeman, acts as a sort of dry-nurse to the aged invalid presented to her by her family, and glorifies herself *ad nauseam*; but sister No. 2, dissatisfied, for no earthly reason that I could discover, with her Orichton, 'shakes the loose leg,' as our Irish friends say, to an

extent that would lead us to congratulate de Puybrun upon any opportunity to get rid of her. She soon becomes the mistress of the Duc de Beaulieu, about as ungentlemanly an 'aristo' as could possibly be imagined. Discovery is imminent, and the lady throws herself upon the protection of the lover. 'The world is all before us where to choose,' &c. &c. The cautious duke does not see it in that light, and refuses, upon what plea do you think? You will never guess! Upon the plea that he has a place at the embassy, and shouldn't like to lose it. The lady, however, bullies him into a more manly feeling, and they dart off at a run for the railway station. Alas! the last ticket has been delivered, and the descending wicket nearly snaps off the fingers of the unfortunate duke, while the engine which has taken a shorter time than himself to get its steam up, rushes off with a whistle and a scream—the whistles and the screams had begun long before in another portion of the theatre—leaving them lamenting on the platform. Now the Orichton of a husband turns up, and, all fire and fury, demands satisfaction from the duke. I should have imagined the greatest satisfaction that any one could have given him would have been to hurry the two noodles off by the next train, with strict injunctions never to come back again. However, M. de Puybrun thinks differently. The duke, who holds to his life even more strongly than he held to his place, refuses to fight; but it avails him nothing—he is eventually killed by the husband, who, acting up to his character of Noodle No. 3, shoots himself afterwards, just as his wife, attended by her A 1 sister—constantly on duty—rushes on, and exclaiming, 'I thought as much!' or something very like it, brings down the curtain amidst roars of laughter."

Many "good things" have been said in the course of the fight but, upon the whole, we think that of M. Alexandre Dumas fils is the saltiest and most savoury of all. It is a note addressed to *La Gazette des Hôpitaux* (!):—

"Mr. Editor, Sir,—I decline to reply to M. de Girardin. Having consulted Doctor Pinel, I find that one must not cross them when they are in that state.

Accept, &c.,

ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils.

#### THE LATE OXFORD ELECTION.

THE following table will be welcome to those who took an interest in the late election contest for the University of Oxford:—

	Gladstone.	Hardy.	Heathcote.	Personal votes recorded.	Fellows voting for Gladstone.	Fellows voting for Hardy.	Vote of Head of the College.
University .....	91	76	141	24	10	1	G. & H.
Balliol .....	107	90	170	40	8	1	G. & H.
Merton .....	63	47	97	29	14	0	H. & Har.
Exeter .....	164	156	297	57	9	3	G. & H.
Oriel .....	105	71	161	30	10	0	G. & H.
Queen's .....	79	63	119	27	11	1	H. & Har.
New .....	49	59	104	37	18	11	H.
Lincoln .....	63	63	105	26	6	2	G. & H.
All Souls' .....	41	41	77	24	11	11	H. & Har.
Magdalen .....	65	81	133	48	15	11	H. & Har.
Brasenose .....	111	151	234	44	7	5	G. & H.
Corpus .....	62	39	87	16	16	0	H. & Har.
Christ Church .....	206	291	457	95	24	15	G. & H.
Trinity .....	92	103	166	34	9	1	H. & Har.
St. John's .....	83	144	206	47	5	17	H. & Har.
Jesus .....	42	42	71	15	6	6	G. & H.
Wadham .....	85	76	140	22	9	2	H. & Har.
Pembroke .....	56	76	112	21	6	2	H. & Har.
Worcester .....	66	91	142	24	11	3	H. & Har.
St. Mary Hall .....	16	19	29	8	—	—	G. & H.
Magdalen Hall .....	56	95	139	12	—	—	H. & Har.
New Inn Hall .....	5	3	7	1	—	—	G. & H.
St. Alban Hall .....	5	0	5	0	—	—	G. & H.
St. Edmund Hall .....	13	27	39	8	—	—	G.
Total .....	1725	1904	3238	689	205	92	

In 8 colleges there was a majority for Gladstone, in 8 a majority for Hardy, and in 3 the numbers were exactly divided. Of the halls, 3 had a majority for Hardy, and 2 for Gladstone. Of Fellows on the foundation, 205 for Gladstone, and 92 for Hardy. Of Heads of Colleges, 8 voted for Gladstone and Heathcote, 10 for Heathcote and Hardy, and 1 for Heathcote. Of Heads of Halls, 3 voted for Gladstone and Heathcote, 1 for Heathcote and Hardy, and 1 for Gladstone. Canons of Christ Church, 8 voted for Gladstone, and 3 for Hardy.

#### "OWLS" IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I am not one of those unreasonable readers who expect an editor or his contributors to be omniscient, but last week there was a curious rendering of an old story that ought not to be overlooked. Everybody has heard or read of Olaus Magnus and his "History of Iceland," in which a chapter occurs (*on dit*) of this kind:—"Of Snakes." "There are no snakes in Iceland."

Your contributor spoils the jest by changing *Iceland* into *Ireland*, and the *snakes* into *owls*. Now there happen to be no less than *five* species of *owls* in Ireland, and the bird is by no means rare. ANON.



## THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXII.—THE DIOCESE OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.—No. 1.

THE discrepancy that prevailed in ancient times in the size of bishoprics was somewhat diminished by the erection, by Henry VIII., out of the ruins of dissolved monasteries, of the bishoprics of Gloucester, Bristol, Peterborough, Oxford, and Chester. The remarkable increase which has taken place since 1760 in the population of certain districts compared with others has rendered a new arrangement of the bishoprics highly desirable, both as respects their territorial magnitude and their revenues. Commissioners appointed in 1834, during the administration of Sir Robert Peel, recommended, among other changes, that the bishopric of Bristol should be suppressed. Many of their recommendations were confirmed by the reports of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Melbourne's Government, but they suggested the union of the sees of Bristol and Llandaff. After due consideration the union of the two sees of Gloucester and Bristol was resolved upon, the income of the Bishop being fixed at £5,000 per annum. The diocese of Gloucester and Bristol comprises the whole of the county of Gloucester, the deaneries of Malmesbury and Cricklade in Wiltshire, the city of Bristol, and two parishes in Somersetshire. It is divided into two archdeaconries, Gloucester and Bristol, and into thirteen deaneries containing 443 benefices.

The present Bishop is the Right Reverend Charles John Ellicot, D.D. He was for some time Professor of Divinity at King's College, London; was appointed Dean of Exeter in 1861, and consecrated to this see in 1862. He has published a "Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Pastoral Epistles," and other works. He is much beloved by the clergy and laity of the Church of England in his diocese, and we invariably heard him spoken of in terms of great respect by the Nonconformists. The right rev. prelate has unfortunately somewhat infirm health, not from age, but from accidental causes, and is thereby unable to support much physical exertion. We must, however, confess we are not acquainted with a diocese in England in which the clergy seem under better discipline without the slightest shadow of coercion or rigour on the part of their diocesan.

Since the union of the dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol in the year 1836, Gloucester has been considered as the cathedral city. It is here the Bishop has his palace, and in it he generally resides, visiting Bristol occasionally. This arrangement is by no means satisfactory to the citizens of Bristol, and charges of breach of faith are made against the ecclesiastical authorities, who are considered responsible for the present state of things. The majority of the clergy of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol are decidedly Evangelical. They may also be described as faithful and energetic in their holy calling. In the agricultural districts, except those bordering upon Wales, the Dissenters are by no means numerous. In the towns they are much stronger and more influential, their numbers appearing to increase in greater proportion as the population becomes more numerous. In the city of Gloucester the clergy of the Church of England are particularly active. The Dissenters are powerful, and the Nonconformist clergy are active, eloquent, and highly respectable, yet Dissent gains no ground. The Church clergy appear to take great interest in the religious education of the children of the working classes in Sunday-schools, and if Church extension is well carried out in the city the Establishment will more than hold its own.

The clergy in the diocese of Gloucester have also admitted an excellent principle, which has worked so advantageously for Dissenters—the use of lay agency in promoting the interests of the Church. About seven years ago the Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Association was formed for the furtherance of certain particular objects, viz., to promote the increase of Church accommodation, especially for the poor; to make grants towards providing suitable parsonages or towards the augmentation of benefices; and, thirdly, to promote the education of the poor according to the principles of the Church of England. Few societies with such limited means at their disposal have accomplished so much good as this. Since its commencement it has been the means of providing 9,166 free sittings in churches for the poor, and education to 5,605 children, besides assisting in the erection of ten new churches, restoring others, and building or enlarging parsonages and schools.

We must here again call attention to the niggardly manner in which the laity of the Church of England are accustomed

to subscribe to objects for the advancement of their Church. The Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Association is about as excellently organized a society as could well be imagined. Its officials, whether lay or clerical, work energetically and systematically. Their objects are most laudable; their existence is well advertised and well known; yet, during the seven years they have been in operation, the gross amount of their subscriptions in a diocese the bare rental of which alone exceeds two millions a year, hardly amounts to the sum of £10,084! It would be curious to speculate—if a similar sum had been required for the furtherance of any cause of importance among the Nonconformists, not of the county, but of the town of Gloucester alone—how long it would have been before the whole amount would be raised. Perhaps they would consider it an ill compliment if we said a month, and yet the Dissenters of Gloucester are by no means the wealthiest portion of the population. The more inquiries we make, and the deeper we go into the question, the more inexplicable this grudgingness in giving appears. As a nation we are held to be liberal, and yet Church operations, which we admit to be of the most vital importance, dwindle and languish for the want of the most moderate liberality. It is solely among the laity of the Church of England, with their enormous wealth, that this niggardliness is found. Dissenters and Roman Catholics both exceed us in spirit and liberality. Is this backwardness on the part of the laity natural in the members of a State Church, or is it to be attributed to a want of sufficient independence of tone and manner on the part of the clergy when impressing on their wealthy laity the duty and necessity of liberality?

A great necessity exists for increased church accommodation in Gloucester. In one whole district, that of St. Mary de Lode, church accommodation only exists for 500 sittings, yet the parishes or sub-parishes it is intended to provide for contain the following inhabitants:—Longford, 418; Wotton St. Mary's, 1,562; Borson, 4,335; Truffly, 138; and the mother parish, St. Mary de Lode, 950, making an aggregate of 8,438. Energetic as the clergy may be, how is it possible that the interests of the Church can be advanced in such a locality? Efforts are indeed being made to increase the number of sittings, either by building a new church or erecting a temporary iron one; but some misunderstanding appears to exist among the local clergy on the subject, and the question is from time to time delayed.

The advocates of church extension in Gloucester may be told that the vast cathedral, which may be looked upon as the parish church of the county, is large enough and has space enough, in its vast unoccupied area, to supply room for every inhabitant of Gloucester who, at the present time, has no recognised or regular place of worship. Those, however, who have attended the services in that cathedral, and are at all cognisant of the habits of our working classes, will easily imagine how little attraction our existing cathedral service possesses for them. In no church service in the world is the invidious distinction between rich and poor more completely marked than in many of our cathedrals, and we certainly cannot place that of Gloucester in the list of the exceptions. Instead of the warm air of welcome which the working man recognises on entering a Nonconformist place of worship, all is to him cold and uninviting. He feels he is regarded as an intruder, and if he enters at all, which is of exceedingly rare occurrence, he sits uncomfortably listening to a service a great part of which he does not understand. We attended, during our stay in Gloucester, four week-day services in the cathedral, and can safely say we did not see one working man on either occasion. As soon as the service was over, the few worshippers, most of whom seemed strangers, who had been attracted solely by curiosity, hurried out of the edifice. If we stopped for a few moments to examine the building, we were immediately accosted by some official who inquired if we should like to be shown over the cathedral, in a tone which evidently was intended to remind us we had no right to look without paying. On declining the offer a most ostentatious rattling of keys and the turning of bolts in the locks was heard, as if purposely reminding us that our presence was no longer required; and in a few minutes afterwards we were quietly ushered out of the building. And yet, with a very slight degree of painstaking and trouble, how useful might this cathedral be made in drawing those at present with little or no religion into the bosom of the Church. One principle of the Roman Catholic economy is to make their places of worship as attractive as possible to the working classes. The doors of their churches and cathedrals are open all day. The poor man feels he has a general invitation to enter, and a hearty welcome within to receive him when he does.



Magnificently beautiful as Gloucester Cathedral may be, as an edifice can the working man entertain towards it the same feeling which the Roman Catholic poor cherish for their church? Except during certain hours the doors are hermetically sealed against him, and if he then enters, only a limited, and by far the least interesting, portion of the building is open to him for inspection. If, instead of closing the gates, an evening service were performed, and thrown open to all, without reserve, and at such an hour that the workman could attend it after the labours of the day, how excellent might be the results! However, cathedral bodies possess the *vis inertiae* in perfection: the attempt to move them is not so promising that we need pursue the subject.

The Nonconformist body in Gloucester, if they do not gain ground, are remarkably strong, when we consider that Gloucester is a cathedral city, with a powerful staff of clergy. It has certainly twelve churches, without counting the cathedral, yet we found a still greater number of Dissenting places of worship. They comprise a chapel of Lady Huntingdon's Connection, one for the Methodist New Connection, one Unitarian, four Wesleyan, one for the Plymouth Brethren, one Free Church, one Roman Catholic, one Society of Friends, and two chapels for the Independents (one of these, opposite the Infirmary, is a beautiful piece of ecclesiastical architecture), in all, fourteen Nonconformist places of worship. In the Independent, Baptist, and New Methodist Connection Sunday-schools, there are at present in Gloucester 1526 children, not counting those of the Wesleyan, who number about 500 more.

Among the subjects of interest in Church matters in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, the Free Church question is rising into importance. The idea of supporting churches, and especially parish churches, by a weekly offertory, instead of Church-rates or pew rents, and the abolition of private sittings, thus throwing the church open alike to all, rich and poor, has met with little favour in many parts of this diocese, particularly in the towns of Gloucester and Cheltenham. Without going at all deeply into the matter, some radical alteration in the present system seems to be required. The clergy of the diocese, as a body, are, as we have said, very energetic, and they are now paying considerable attention to the spiritual education of the children of the working classes. Their labours, will, however, be useless if the poor either have no church to go to, or, what is almost equally objectionable, churches where there is a marked distinction made in the seats appropriated for the rich and poor. In Cheltenham a much to be reprobated system has sprung up—that of building churches for visitors, having few or no free seats in them, and in others circumscribing in every possible way the church accommodation for the poor. We were informed, on excellent authority, that in the whole of Cheltenham, with a population of 42,000 souls, there are scarcely 1,400 free seats. The effect of this policy is to disgust the poor with the Church of England, and to drive them to Nonconformist chapels, where, although the pew system may be adopted, the amount of courtesy shown to the poor in offering them seats is certainly greater than in the churches.

A very singular feature is observable among the Dissenting congregations in Gloucester, that of the increasing desire to do away with pew-rents, and to throw the chapels open to all, relying on weekly voluntary offerings for the amount requisite for the maintenance of the buildings and the payment of the ministers. The Independents and the Wesleyans, we understand, are already entertaining the question. The Independents tried, we were told, the experiment on one or two occasions, and the results were of the most satisfactory description. The Methodist New Connection, a numerous and highly respectable body of Nonconformists, whose chapel is in Worcester-street, Gloucester, have abolished pew-rents and quarterly collections altogether, and now entirely depend on weekly voluntary contributions. Their income is, we are informed, more than doubled by the present system. The collection of the contributions is arranged in such a manner that it is impossible to tell what amount each member of the congregation gives; yet, so far from practising parsimony by the impunity thus afforded, their liberality has greatly increased. They particularly insist, no matter how trifling may be the amount, on the offering being made weekly, and not at uncertain intervals, careless irregularity often leading to wilful omission. "Let every one of you," says the printed notice circulated among the congregation, "offer something. Every member of your household should see that it is a personal duty. Especially instruct the young to give something to God of their own small savings. Help them to get, that they may give of their own in the fear of God. It will give them a new motive for regular attendance at worship and prove a double advantage. Keep the apostolic rule in your memory: 'Upon the first day of the week let

every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him;' and believe the Psalmist's benediction (Proverbs xx. 1—4) as applicable now as in days of old." If the congregations of every place of worship in the country would give as liberally and regularly in proportion to their means as that of the Worcester-street Chapel, Gloucester, tithes, church-rates, and pew-rents might all be abolished, and very possibly the poor-rates after them.

Of the different institutions in Gloucester connected with religion and morals, there was not one which pleased us more than the Industrial Ragged Schools. This admirable charity, now in the fourteenth year of its existence, has done more good service in the cause of God and the poor than a score of others we could mention with a hundred times its means and pretensions in different parts of the country. Yet we regret to say this admirable charity is most insufficiently supported; indeed, it should be remarked that, numerous as may be the clergy of the Church of England in Gloucester, they certainly are most unsuccessful in eliciting charitable contributions. In the case of these schools there is not the slightest excuse for neglect. We have before us two reports of the inspectors of schools, which speak of them as being most efficiently conducted. The Bishop of the diocese writes to the master in terms of the highest praise for the discipline and general efficiency of the scholars, and last, not least, the Governor of the county prison writes in his report that of the Gloucester juvenile prisoners who have been sent to prison during the past two years, there has been but one from the Industrial Ragged Schools. With the temptations of the district in which they live, increased by extreme poverty, this fact speaks strongly of the honest spirit imparted to the boys by the school teaching, and of its value to the community. Yet this admirable institution for providing good instruction, religious, moral, and industrial, to 220 of the poorest young vagabonds of Gloucester, bringing them first within the pale of civilization, and, after due instruction, providing them with respectable situations, has a subscription list which, by a considerable amount, does not cover the bare working expenses of the undertaking. We seldom remember to have seen a sight of the kind which gave us such unqualified pleasure as we experienced in these schools. For utter poverty and raggedness the boys in the excellent Roman Catholic Ragged Schools in Charles-street, Drury-lane, could not have surpassed those present, yet with all their rags their faces were scrupulously clean. Their slates showed not only their writing to be good, but the elementary rules of arithmetic to be well understood by them. Those who have sufficient physical strength are taught agriculture and gardening in a field rented by the committee for the purpose, and the sale of the produce of the boys' labour goes to the support of the schools. The connection between the boys and their school is by no means broken when they leave it. The committee and master exert themselves in finding situations for them as errand boys to tradesmen and other similar occupations, and their integrity and the testimony of their employers prove that the education bestowed upon them has not been thrown away.

The Dissenters, as a body, are very strong in Cheltenham, but, with one or two exceptions, the wealth is on the side of the Church. In the town we find twelve places of worship of the Established Church. There are, however, no fewer than fourteen Nonconformist chapels, certain of them very large, and most of them well filled. Some of the Dissenting ministers in Cheltenham are men of great power and eloquence, among whom may especially be named the Rev. A. M. Browne, a celebrated Independent minister. This gentleman is frequently mentioned as the Dissenting minister to whom the late Earl Fitzharding (about as worthless a character as could be found among those who abounded during the Regency) applied for religious consolation in his last moments. That Mr. Browne readily gave it no one who knows even by reputation the amiable disposition of the man could for a moment doubt; but why any sort of celebrity should be attached to the honourable name of the rev. gentleman for an act of the kind, we are at a loss to imagine.

The Free Church movement to which we have alluded is not without its advocates in Cheltenham, strongly opposed to it as are the Low Church clergy, who are there in a large majority. The leader of the movement may be said to be the Rev. George Roberts, M.A. Already, we were told, a sufficient sum of money has been subscribed for the building of a perfectly free church, and a site has been chosen. Of this church it was also said Mr. Roberts would be the incumbent. We sincerely hope it may be so. He is a man of great eloquence and ability, and moreover an elegant and powerful writer on all subjects which come under his pen. He has already done



good service in the cause, and it would give us unfeigned pleasure to see the field of his labours considerably enlarged.

At Gloucester the Free Church movement is also being extensively advocated, although it is hardly so advanced as in Cheltenham. This, however, arises from no lack of energy on the part of the agitators. The hon. sec. is Mr. Mayers, of Gloucester, and a more intelligent or indefatigable official no cause could desire. If the Free Church movement does not succeed in the city of Gloucester, it will certainly be from no lack of ability exercised in its favour.

In Bristol the power of the Church Establishment is by no means in as healthy a position as in Gloucester. Here Dissent is strong indeed, and not only strong but most active and well organized. Another unfavourable feature we noticed in Bristol is the strong antagonistic feeling which appears to exist between the Church clergy and the Nonconformists. In Cheltenham we found very friendly sentiments entertained between the Evangelical party of the Church and the Dissenters. They spoke of each other in terms of high respect, and might continually be found on the same platform, exerting themselves hand in hand in the furtherance of some good work. In Gloucester there appeared to be an entire separation between the Church and Dissent. There was no angry feeling shown either on one side or the other. They were not personally acquainted, and they neither criticized nor interfered with each other. In Bristol the case was very different. There a strongly developed and angry feeling seemed to animate a large portion of the Dissenters against the Church clergy, especially those of the Evangelical party. It was even carried to such a height that the Nonconformists at the late election obtained not a few votes for the Liberation Society by alluding to the conduct of the Evangelical clergy. We will not attempt to decide whether the Low Church partisans in Bristol are as much to blame in the dispute as their opponents maintain, but from the highly honourable character of many of the leading lay Nonconformists we are inclined to believe that their anger has not been without some strong provocation. Be that as it may, there is no doubt the result has been to stir the Nonconformists to increased energy. Singularly enough we have frequently found a far more friendly personal feeling to exist in different towns between the moderate High Churchmen and Dissenters than between the latter and the Low Church.

In Bristol, including the cathedral, there are forty churches. The Roman Catholics, who number about 10,000, have four chapels; the Independent Dissenters, ten; the Wesleyans, ten; the Baptists, eleven; and there are eight others belonging to different denominations.

We must here notice the wonderful improvement in the architecture of Dissenting places of worship. We have mentioned one belonging to the Independents in Gloucester. In Bristol, besides several very beautiful structures, there is one for the Baptist congregation at Clifton, which is a perfect gem. At Trowbridge, in Wilts, a few days since, we saw a Unitarian chapel, small it is true, but vying, if not surpassing, in architectural beauty any modern-built chapel in the Established Church. At Clevedon there is another, for the Independents, which deserves all praise.

The Bristol Sunday-school Union, comprising Baptist and Independent congregations, at present number, under religious instruction, no fewer than 8,071 pupils. These numbers do not, of course, include Wesleyans or Roman Catholics, both of whom are very numerous. It is no unfair or improbable assumption, that there are now in Bristol at least 12,000 children of the working classes under religious teaching adverse to the doctrines, or at any rate the organization, of the Church of England. With such an array of power as will be most probably brought against her in the next generation in this flourishing city, it is bad policy, indeed, for the ministers of our Church to make a single gratuitous enemy. We greatly fear, however, that at the present moment, from the impolitic behaviour of certain clergymen, she has already made many, and is making still more.

#### KEW GARDENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The removal of the late Sir William Hooker by death will involve the necessity of a speedy appointment of a successor. I beg to observe, that if the character for doing what is just, as a nation, is to be sustained, some inquiry should be made, before that successor be appointed, into the wages paid to the workmen employed in Kew Gardens, when something more than a feeling of astonishment will be produced in many minds. I am, Sir, yours truly,

August 22, 1865.

OBSERVER.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE long promised five-act tragedy by Mr. William Clarke Russell—a son of Mr. Henry Russell, the popular musical composer—was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Wednesday night, under the title of "Fra Angelo." A large gathering of friends of the author, of the public, and of dramatists who have dabbled a little in five-act works, encouraged the actors to make as much as possible of the tragedy. The author is a young man; and his play has all the faults of youth with very little of its promise. The story is meagre and intensely disagreeable—turning entirely upon the machinations of a hunchbacked monk who hates and tries to destroy his friends without adequate motive. The language is singularly dull and level—the metaphors are all commonplace, and the repetitions tedious. The action is sluggish; and the author has not been always able to distinguish between things which provoke horror, and things which provoke laughter. His characters are singularly weak and uninteresting; and the whole play is only creditable as a boyish exercise. The acting was ambitious and unsatisfactory. Miss Katherine Rodgers, who comes from Dublin, and made her first appearance in London in the chief tragic female character of the piece, has much to learn before she can take the position she evidently aims at. She must be told that mispronunciations like "cuss" for "curse" have not been tolerated by educated audiences since the days of deportment and the Kembles. Mr. Vollaire, who played "Fra Angelo," is an excellent comedian, but hardly equal to such very spasmodic characters. Mr. Walter Montgomery only reserved a small lover's part for himself, and gave the piece a fair chance in the way of scenery and dresses. Before he closes his short and spirited management he threatens to produce Mr. Tupper's "Alfred."

Mr. Ira Aldridge, a "coloured" actor, sometimes called the "Chevalier," and sometimes the "African Roscius," has appeared at the Haymarket Theatre in Othello. He is very popular in the north of Europe—more popular than he is ever likely to become in England; and some of the Berlin journals are indignant that he has not met with a warmer reception. His English credentials date as far back as 1848, and his acting has considerable merit. The Haymarket under Mr. Montgomery's management is a strange theatrical Ark, into which the most wonderful and diverse performers are gathered. The Hon. Mr. Wingfield—a son of the Marchioness of Londonderry—has not altogether succeeded at this house as a low comedian; but he has caused a flutter in aristocratic circles, and much talk in the chief Continental journals.

A very poor burlesque, called "Prince Camaralzaman, or, The Fairies' Revenge," by Messrs. Bellingham and Best, has been produced at the Olympic Theatre. The acting calls for no particular remark. The "Serf" still holds its place in the bills. Miss Perry has gone for a holiday, her place being supplied by Miss Foote; and Mr. Coghlan has left the theatre, Mr. Montague, from the St. James's, being engaged in his stead.

A new Russian ballet of great splendour has been produced at the Alhambra; and the internal arrangements of the building have been improved, until they resemble those of a first-class hotel. The comfort of the visitors is provided for in every possible way on an enormous scale; and the place is the largest and most complete *café chantant* in the world.

Mr. Hermann Vezin is now in Berlin, making arrangements to appear in a round of Shakespearian and legitimate characters in German. Mr. Vezin is an American of German extraction—an excellent German scholar, and one of our most intelligent, if not one of our greatest, English actors.

Mr. Harrison, the singer, is seriously ill with a brain-attack; but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Drury Lane will be opened in about three weeks with "Macbeth" and "Comus."

The New Royalty Theatre will open to-night (Saturday) as an operetta house, under new management, and with a very good working company.

SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—The *Diritto* of the 25th ult. gives the following sad account of the great tenor's state of mind:—"Poor Giuglini; the first physicians have examined him, and there remains no longer the least hope of his cure. This famous tenor, who held so long the first rank at her Majesty's Theatre, has still, indeed, a ray now and then of reason, but it is only of short duration. Three days ago two Italian gentlemen whom he had known at Milan came to see him at the house of the doctor who has the care of him. Giuglini was sitting upon a couch, in a dressing-gown, with a portion of *Faust* in his hands. When they entered, the great singer rose to meet them, grasped them by the hand, and spoke for twenty minutes about London, Paris, Naples, and Milan. During the conversation he expressed himself with clearness and good sense, and nobody would have thought the unhappy man was mad. No sooner, however, did one of the Italians pronounce the words 'St. Petersburg,' than his eyes began to glitter and stare, and he said in a strange tone to his old friends, 'Will you go to the opera to-night? I will find you seats.' The Italians humoured him, and said, 'Yes,' whereupon he gave them each a chair, and went out of the apartment. By-and-by he returned in the costume of Gennaro, and sang in his own sweet manner the romance, 'Anch' io provai le tenere.' Then he went on all alone to give the last scene; his chest heaved, his face was lit up with pleasure;



h's voice, plaintive with sighs, struck pity to the mind as he sang, with extraordinary tenderness, the words,—

'Madre, se ognor lontano  
Vissi dal materno seno  
A lui m'unisca Iddio.'

After that he stood up to his full height for a moment, his arms grew rigid, and he fell flat like a man struck by lightning. The medical attendant was summoned directly, and found Giuglini in a state of the most complete prostration; nor from that time has he, as yet, recognised any one.

### SCIENCE.

A NEW form of dissecting microscope has been devised by Dr. Henry Lawson, and manufactured for him by Mr. Collins, of Great Titchfield-street. The instrument is of the binocular kind, but differs from the ordinary binocular in possessing prismatic lenses, which are so arranged as to obviate the necessity of a prism for the refraction of those rays which, in the compound instrument, would not pass to the eye without being specially altered in their direction. The stage of Dr. Lawson's instrument consists of an oblong trough of gutta-percha, in which small animals intended for dissection can be pinned under water. In the centre of this trough is inserted a small disk of glass, through which, from a mirror placed below the stage, a flood of light can be thrown upon transparent structures. Two arm-rests draw out on each side of the microscope, on which the wrists can be placed when the observer is at work; the upper and front portions of the case unfold upon the table and display a series of scalpels, needles, scissors, &c., necessary for the dissection of animal tissues. When closed, the new binocular presents the appearance of an oblong mahogany box, about six inches long by three and a half wide. Its magnifying power is low, but this is more than compensated for by the relief which is given to the object under view, and the large amount of penetration which the glasses possess. "The magnifiers are fitted to a sliding adjustment. Dr. Lawson finds that when both eyes are employed, and the object well-illuminated, very small parts can be dissected with a slight amplifying power. The instrument is excellently adapted to the average wants of students and amateur preparers of microscopic objects, and would also do well for botanical investigations.

The researches of M. Davaine upon the subject of the vinegar-worm (*Rhabditis aceti*) have given another blow to the spontaneous generation theory. The vinegar-worm, or eel, as it is more frequently styled, is a species of annulose animal, of very low type, found in vinegar which has been prepared from fruit. The circumstance that its habitat is such a peculiarly artificial one has led the advocates of heterogeny to advance this creature as an argument in favour of their views, it being contended by them that, as it only lives in an artificial compound, it must be the result of spontaneous generation. M. Davaine's inquiries, the conclusions resulting from which have just been laid before the "Academy," give us many new ideas concerning the habits and origin of the vinegar-eel. His researches show that acidity alone is not a condition under which the worm can exist. The mineral acids, and also the organic ones—oxalic and citric—when diluted to the strength of the vinegar in which the creature lives, destroy its life in the course of a few hours; whilst, on the contrary, a solution of sugar is so favourable to its vitality that it causes it to propagate very rapidly. Although the vinegar-eel dies after about eight days when kept in pure water, it lives for several weeks in this liquid if it contains from the one to the two thousandth part of sugar. In water containing five per cent. of sugar it multiplies with great rapidity. There seems to be a relation between the degree of propagation and the per centage of sugar: thus, generation increases notably up to about 30 per cent., it remains stationary at 40 per cent., and ceases altogether—the worms dying—at 50 per cent. The worm multiplies to a greater extent in sugar-water in which the acid is constantly neutralized than in the acid solution. From these discoveries, M. Davaine was led to place some vinegar-eels in neutral or slightly acid fruits, such as peaches, prunes, apricots, raisins, gooseberries, apples, pears, melons, &c., and in all these they propagated at a prodigious rate. In vegetables, such as peas, beet-root, carrots, &c., they also thrived. Under the various conditions of life to which they were subjected, the worms underwent no modification. These facts indicate very clearly what is the true habitat of the vinegar-eel. It lives and propagates itself by myriads in those fruits which fall upon the ground and those sweet succulent branches which lie upon the soil. It is endowed with considerable powers of locomotion, to enable it to go in search of food; and, as M. Davaine has experimentally proved, it can live for several weeks in moist soil which contains no food whatever. It may therefore be regarded as established that the vinegar-eel, so far from being developed spontaneously during acetic fermentation is introduced into the liquid vinegar in the grapes, apples, and pears, which are used in its manufacture, and which have lain for some time upon the ground, that it is perpetuated in the vessels used for the fermenting process, and which are employed for an almost unlimited period for the purpose of preparing vinegar.

Professor Carlevaris, of Mondovi, Italy, has devised an economic method of employing the magnesium light. He stated in a recent memoir that when magnesium wire was ignited in atmospheric air, or pure oxygen, the most luminous effects were not manifest till a

certain quantity of oxide had been formed and was raised by the heat produced to an exceedingly high temperature. The light in this case, as in the combustion of carburetted hydrogen, as in that of hydrogen in contact with platinum, and as in the Drummond arrangement, is derived from the solid particles raised by the flame to a great heat—a heat which dissolves and volatilizes platinum, but leaves the oxide of magnesium solid, fixed, and intact. To raise this oxide to the temperature necessary to give the greatest light, it should be presented to the flame in as small a quantity and as large a volume as possible, which is done by employing a spongy oxide obtained as follows:—A piece of chloride of magnesium is exposed to the flame of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, in contact with a piece of carbon. The chloride of magnesium is rapidly decomposed, leaving the spongy oxide, which gives the light in question.

From the pages of a contemporary we learn some interesting statistics concerning telegraph cables. It appears that in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, there are fifty-two submarine cables, whose aggregate length is 5,625 miles, and whose insulated wires measure 9,783 miles. The longest of these is 1,550 fathoms, and the shortest, 1½ fathoms deep. There are 95 submarine cables in the United States and British North America, which measures *tout entier* 68 miles, and their insulated wires 133 miles. The overland telegraph line between New York, Asia, and Russia, will measure 20,479 miles long, and of this length 12,740 miles are already completed. It has been determined that this line shall cross from America to Asia at the southern part of Norton Sound, on the American side, to St. Lawrence Island, and thence to Cape Thaddeus, on the Asiatic continent. Two submarine cables will be required for this, one 135 miles and the other 250 miles long. Cape Thaddeus is 1,700 miles distant from the mouth of the Amoor river.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, of the Liverpool College of Chemistry, has been analyzing the waters of the Cheltenham saline chalybeate water, and has announced the discovery of *protochloride of iron* as one of the constituents. The occurrence of this compound appears quite anomalous, for Dr. Muspratt is ignorant of its existence in any other European potable mineral water. Letters from several of the Harrogate physicians designate it a great discovery. A portion of the residue obtained by evaporating the water was transmitted to Dr. W. A. Miller, of King's College, and was found by that distinguished chemist to contain an abundance of *ferrous chloride* (chloride of iron). The other ingredients of this spring are protocarbonate of iron, and chlorides of magnesium, calcium, and iron; there are no sulphates present.

### INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR FURTHERING THE PROGRESS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE International Congress for furthering the Progress of Social Science has met at Berne this week. The Society was founded in 1861, the idea having been first started at the meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Dublin in that year. Lord Brougham and M. Michel Chevalier took a great interest in its establishment, and the provisional committee drew up a series of regulations at Brussels, which were submitted to the National Society at the London meeting of 1862. The objects of the association were then stated to be to guide public opinion to the best means of ameliorating civil and criminal legislation, to perfect and extend education, to spread the influence of arts and letters in modern society, to increase the public wealth and ensure its good application, to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, and to secure the spread of such principles as give power and dignity to nations. Brussels was the city chosen for the first meeting in 1862, then Ghent, Amsterdam, and now Berne. The five sections into which the present meeting has resolved itself are *Legislation, Education, Arts, Bienfaisance et Hygiène publique, Economie politique*. Under the first head, the system of securing freedom and honesty of electoral voting proposed by Mr. Hare has been under discussion, in continuation of the proceedings at Amsterdam last year. The *National Suisse* and the *Progrès* of Lyons have found great fault with the constitution of the Committee, asserting that a set of men more retrograde and less talented could scarcely be found. Warm supporters of the Jesuits, old Neuchâtel Royalists, Protestant Jesuits, and the patricians of the *Suisse romande*—such the *Progrès* declares to be the bulk of the Committee. Other Liberal papers, however, even those of an advanced character, express great satisfaction with all the arrangements.

### THE ANCIENT RHONE GLACIER.

At the meeting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences last week in Geneva, M. Alphonse Favre read a very interesting paper in the Geological section on the ancient Rhone glacier. M. Favre's name is so well known that his opinions are received with respect, and in the present case he had a long series of careful observations on which to found his views. The determination of the altitudes at which erratic blocks are found along the old line of that immense sea of ice, which even in its present diminished size is so striking, and in the results of its working upon the general scenery of the country it once covered is so picturesque, has occupied much of M. Favre's time. He believes that the determination of these



altitudes fixes approximately the limiting level of the glacier in the neighbourhood in which they are found, taking, of course, the highest erratics in each district. On this principle, he finds that the slope of the ice between the Col de Ferret and S. Maurice has been exceedingly steep; thence to Villeneuve, at the head of the Lake of Geneva, much less steep; while from Villeneuve down to the point at which the ice-stream burst the bounds set by the Jura, where now the Fort de l'Ecluse keeps a jealous watch, the glacier has presented a vast horizontal surface. Of course, on the Jura itself the descending stream has surged—so to speak—to various heights; but on the left bank, by Meillerie, and the foot of the Dent d'Oche (where, however, the ice seems to have risen in a wave) and down to the Voiron, one uniform superior limit of altitude is given by the erratics, being about 1,000 metres above the present surface of the sea, and therefore some 2,000 feet above the Lake of Geneva as it now stands. Before finally reaching the plain of France, the glacier met with a fresh opposition from the M. Sion, 600 metres in height, and here again the erratics tell of a horizontal surface. Beyond the M. Sion another monticule, the Grolée (533 m.), produced a similar result, and then the ice was lost in the plain. M. Favre has found by observations of a like kind at Colombier, and in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Annecy and Bourget, that the limit of erratics left by the Arve glacier coincides remarkably with the prevailing altitude of the Rhone erratics, and that the valleys of the lakes mentioned have been filled with ice to the same level.

At the conclusion of M. Favre's interesting communication, Professor Tyndall expressed, both in French and in German, his entire acquiescence in the idea thus enunciated of a vast glacier lake. Various objections were raised, among which one of some importance declared that the erratics on M. Sion are geologically distinct from the Rhone erratics, and are identical with those left by the departed glacier of Beaufort.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

By a happy accident, the directors of this company have outvoted the demand for a committee of investigation into the charges brought against them by Captain Jervis, in vain. The proxy papers were not properly stamped—the stamps, at least, were not properly effaced according to the statute made and provided in that behalf—and the vote in favour of the directors was thus lost. A committee of investigation has been appointed, and Captain Jervis will now have full opportunity of making good his accusations, and the directors of refuting them, if they can.

Something more than the interests of the shareholders is concerned in this matter. The confession of the directors that they are in the habit of borrowing beyond their legal competence, and their statement that all railway boards sin in the like manner, have given a just shock to public confidence. To the extent to which they exceed their powers of borrowing, the lenders hold an illegal security for what they lend—in other words, no security at all. If this, as the Great Eastern directors allege, is a common practice, it is one which cannot be too strongly condemned. Other points will be brought under the notice of the committee of investigation equally interesting to their shareholders; but to the public at large this is the main point; and, as the directors have confessed their guilt in respect of it, it will be a matter for the Legislature to deal with by some stringent enactment which shall prevent such illegal practices for the future.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is  $25\cdot22\frac{1}{2}$  per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly two-tenths dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 109 to 109 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In Colonial Government securities, Canadian are rather firm. The Six per Cents. (January and July, 1877-84) were done at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$  7; Cape of Good Hope Six per Cents. (1880-90), 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mauritius Six per Cents. (1873, January and July), 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1888-92), 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Queensland Six per Cents., 102 $\frac{1}{2}$  1; Victoria Six per Cents. (April and October), 109 $\frac{1}{2}$  1.

The transactions in joint-stock bank shares have again been rather large, and in several descriptions a further advance has taken place. London and County were especially in demand and marked 77. Alliance, Chartered of India, Australia, and China, Commercial of India, English Joint-Stock, European, London and South African, London and Venezuela, and Merchant Bank, have also improved.

The following are the latest recorded prices of business transacted in insurance companies' shares.—Albert Medical Life, and Family Endowment, 2; Commercial Union, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  3; County, 85; Indemnity Marine, 126; Liverpool and London Fire and Life, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  4; London, 47; Provident Life, 38; Marine, 90 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Ocean Marine, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Thames and Mersey Marine, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Universal Marine, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Overend, Gurney, & Co. are quoted 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; M'Queen Brothers, 1 2 prem.; London Jute Works,  $\frac{1}{2}$  1 prem.; London-bridge Land, 2 1 dis.; Albert Bridge, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Atlantic Telegraph Pref., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 dis.; London Quays,  $\frac{1}{2}$  dis. par.; General Estates, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.; Menai Park and Hotel, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.; West Worthing Hotel and Mansions, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.

The payment of the railway dividends has been in full force for the last few days, the principal ones being disbursed through Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co. Some of the withdrawals of money from the Stock Exchange have been made to meet these requirements.

The railway calls due this week were, on Tuesday, Central Argentine, £2 per share, £100,000; Thursday, Midland, new £9 shares, £1. 10s. per share, £178,387; Friday, Varna, £2 per share, £90,000. The only other call due in Sept. is 80 per cent. on the East London paid-up scrip, on the 23rd; 50 per cent. of which, however, may be deferred to the 23rd March. The total known amount of calls for Sept. is therefore only £90,000, and the first nine months of the year £9,964,794.

It is understood that two or three of the companies which have been refused settlements at the Stock Exchange propose to re-organize affairs, with the object of carrying out their enterprises and obtaining the sanction of the committee to the undertakings in their new form.

It has been announced that a call of £4 per share has this day been made on the shares of Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited), payable on the 22nd of September next, at the banking-house of Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Twells, & Co. This is quite in accordance with the arrangements already intimated, and the next call in November will make the total £15 per share proposed to be paid.

A meeting of the holders of Confederate Cotton Bonds is called for Monday next, to consider their altered position, now that the Government of the United States has become the *de facto* Government of the Confederate States, and, if deemed expedient, to appoint a committee to protect their rights and interests, and generally to take such steps as may be thought advisable.

A meeting of the Humber Ironworks Company was held on Monday, when reporters were refused admission—for what reason the shareholders and the public will form their own opinion.

The directors of the Great Western Railway Company recommend to the proprietors the following dividends for the six months ending the 31st July:—Great Western Original Stock, at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Oxford) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £1. 2s. 6d. per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Newport) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of 17s. 6d. per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Hereford) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum; Great Western (South Wales) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum—carrying forward a balance of about £12,000.

The following are the rates of "continuation," or for carrying over purchases of foreign and railway stocks from the present to the next account. In the former class of securities they are comparatively high, except as regards the Confederate Loan; in the latter they are almost uniformly low:—

Great Western .....	even	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ cont.
Leeds .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
London .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Midland .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Caledonian .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Great Northern .....	even	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Ditto A .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Metropolitan .....	1-16	to	3-16 "
Ditto Extension .....	even	to	6d. "
South-Eastern .....	even	to	— "
Sheffield .....	even	to	1-16 "
North-Eastern: Berwick .....	3-16	to	5-16 "
Ditto: York .....	3-16	to	5-16 "
North British .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Great Eastern .....	even	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Virginia 6 per cent .....	5	to	8 p.c.
Illinois Central (paid up) ...	9d.	to	1s. cont.
Luxembourg .....	3	to	5 p.c.
General Credit .....	4d.	to	1-32 cont.
Hudson's Bay .....	4d.	to	1-32 "
International Finance .....	4d.	to	1-32 "
Alliance Bank .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ back	to	even
Confederate Loan .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ back	to	even
Greek .....	1-32	to	3-32 "
Mexican .....	5	to	7 p.c.
Ditto, 1864 .....	5	to	7 p.c.
Spanish Passive .....	5	to	7 p.c.
Spanish Certificates .....	5	to	7 p.c.
Turkish Internal 6 per cent. ...	1-16	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ cont.
United States 5-20 Bonds ...	4	to	6 p.c.

An article appeared not long since in "The Historical Review," published at Munich, from the pen of the talented Herr von Sybel, criticising with learning the recently published correspondence of Marie Antoinette, which Count d'Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Couches, and the Chevalier d'Arneth respectively published in the course of the last eighteen months. The latter drew his materials from the family archives preserved at Vienna, but the sources of the former work, Herr von Sybel contends, are spurious. This is no rash statement by the German critic. He compares the letters in both works, arranges them side by side, date by date, and then shows that out of ninety-two letters published by the Chevalier d'Arneth, only one is found in the collection of Count d'Hunolstein and M. Couches, and not one of the fifty they have published is to be found amongst the original family documents preserved in Vienna. The criticism will constitute anything but pleasant reading to the Count d'Hunolstein, who gave £4,000, for the forged letters.



h's voice, plaintive with sighs, struck pity to the mind as he sang, with extraordinary tenderness, the words,—

'Madre, se ognor lontano  
Vissi dal materno seno  
A lui m'unisca Iddio.'

After that he stood up to his full height for a moment, his arms grew rigid, and he fell flat like a man struck by lightning. The medical attendant was summoned directly, and found Giuglini in a state of the most complete prostration; nor from that time has he, as yet, recognised any one."

### SCIENCE.

A NEW form of dissecting microscope has been devised by Dr. Henry Lawson, and manufactured for him by Mr. Collins, of Great Titchfield-street. The instrument is of the binocular kind, but differs from the ordinary binocular in possessing prismatic lenses, which are so arranged as to obviate the necessity of a prism for the refraction of those rays which, in the compound instrument, would not pass to the eye without being specially altered in their direction. The stage of Dr. Lawson's instrument consists of an oblong trough of gutta-percha, in which small animals intended for dissection can be pinned under water. In the centre of this trough is inserted a small disk of glass, through which, from a mirror placed below the stage, a flood of light can be thrown upon transparent structures. Two arm-rests draw out on each side of the microscope, on which the wrists can be placed when the observer is at work; the upper and front portions of the case unfold upon the table and display a series of scalpels, needles, scissors, &c., necessary for the dissection of animal tissues. When closed, the new binocular presents the appearance of an oblong mahogany box, about six inches long by three and a half wide. Its magnifying power is low, but this is more than compensated for by the relief which is given to the object under view, and the large amount of penetration which the glasses possess. "The magnifiers are fitted to a sliding adjustment. Dr. Lawson finds that when both eyes are employed, and the object well-illuminated, very small parts can be dissected with a slight amplifying power. The instrument is excellently adapted to the average wants of students and amateur preparers of microscopic objects, and would also do well for botanical investigations.

The researches of M. Davaine upon the subject of the vinegar-worm (*Rhabditis aceti*) have given another blow to the spontaneous generation theory. The vinegar-worm, or eel, as it is more frequently styled, is a species of annulose animal, of very low type, found in vinegar which has been prepared from fruit. The circumstance that its habitat is such a peculiarly artificial one has led the advocates of heterogeny to advance this creature as an argument in favour of their views, it being contended by them that, as it only lives in an artificial compound, it must be the result of spontaneous generation. M. Davaine's inquiries, the conclusions resulting from which have just been laid before the "Academy," give us many new ideas concerning the habits and origin of the vinegar-eel. His researches show that acidity alone is not a condition under which the worm can exist. The mineral acids, and also the organic ones—oxalic and citric—when diluted to the strength of the vinegar in which the creature lives, destroy its life in the course of a few hours; whilst, on the contrary, a solution of sugar is so favourable to its vitality that it causes it to propagate very rapidly. Although the vinegar-eel dies after about eight days when kept in pure water, it lives for several weeks in this liquid if it contains from the one to the two thousandth part of sugar. In water containing five per cent. of sugar it multiplies with great rapidity. There seems to be a relation between the degree of propagation and the per centage of sugar: thus, generation increases notably up to about 30 per cent., it remains stationary at 40 per cent., and ceases altogether—the worms dying—at 50 per cent. The worm multiplies to a greater extent in sugar-water in which the acid is constantly neutralized than in the acid solution. From these discoveries, M. Davaine was led to place some vinegar-eels in neutral or slightly acid fruits, such as peaches, prunes, apricots, raisins, gooseberries, apples, pears, melons, &c., and in all these they propagated at a prodigious rate. In vegetables, such as peas, beet-root, carrots, &c., they also thrived. Under the various conditions of life to which they were subjected, the worms underwent no modification. These facts indicate very clearly what is the true habitat of the vinegar-eel. It lives and propagates itself by myriads in those fruits which fall upon the ground and those sweet succulent branches which lie upon the soil. It is endowed with considerable powers of locomotion, to enable it to go in search of food; and, as M. Davaine has experimentally proved, it can live for several weeks in moist soil which contains no food whatever. It may therefore be regarded as established that the vinegar-eel so far from being developed spontaneously during acetic fermentation is introduced into the liquid vinegar in the grapes, apples, and pears, which are used in its manufacture, and which have lain for some time upon the ground, that it is perpetuated in the vessels used for the fermenting process, and which are employed for an almost unlimited period for the purpose of preparing vinegar.

Professor Carlevaris, of Mondovi, Italy, has devised an economic method of employing the magnesium light. He stated in a recent memoir that when magnesium wire was ignited in atmospheric air, or pure oxygen, the most luminous effects were not manifest till a

certain quantity of oxide had been formed and was raised by the heat produced to an exceedingly high temperature. The light in this case, as in the combustion of carburetted hydrogen, as in that of hydrogen in contact with platinum, and as in the Drummond arrangement, is derived from the solid particles raised by the flame to a great heat—a heat which dissolves and volatilizes platinum, but leaves the oxide of magnesium solid, fixed, and intact. To raise this oxide to the temperature necessary to give the greatest light, it should be presented to the flame in as small a quantity and as large a volume as possible, which is done by employing a spongy oxide obtained as follows:—A piece of chloride of magnesium is exposed to the flame of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, in contact with a piece of carbon. The chloride of magnesium is rapidly decomposed, leaving the spongy oxide, which gives the light in question.

From the pages of a contemporary we learn some interesting statistics concerning telegraph cables. It appears that in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, there are fifty-two submarine cables, whose aggregate length is 5,625 miles, and whose insulated wires measure 9,783 miles. The longest of these is 1,550 fathoms, and the shortest, 1½ fathoms deep. There are 95 submarine cables in the United States and British North America, which measures *tout entier* 68 miles, and their insulated wires 133 miles. The overland telegraph line between New York, Asia, and Russia, will measure 20,479 miles long, and of this length 12,740 miles are already completed. It has been determined that this line shall cross from America to Asia at the southern part of Norton Sound, on the American side, to St. Lawrence Island, and thence to Cape Thaddeus, on the Asiatic continent. Two submarine cables will be required for this, one 135 miles and the other 250 miles long. Cape Thaddeus is 1,700 miles distant from the mouth of the Amoor river.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, of the Liverpool College of Chemistry, has been analyzing the waters of the Cheltenham saline chalybeate water, and has announced the discovery of *protochloride of iron* as one of the constituents. The occurrence of this compound appears quite anomalous, for Dr. Muspratt is ignorant of its existence in any other European potable mineral water. Letters from several of the Harrogate physicians designate it a great discovery. A portion of the residue obtained by evaporating the water was transmitted to Dr. W. A. Miller, of King's College, and was found by that distinguished chemist to contain an abundance of *ferrous chloride* (chloride of iron). The other ingredients of this spring are protocarbonate of iron, and chlorides of magnesium, calcium, and iron; there are no sulphates present.

### INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR FURTHERING THE PROGRESS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE International Congress for furthering the Progress of Social Science has met at Berne this week. The Society was founded in 1861, the idea having been first started at the meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Dublin in that year. Lord Brougham and M. Michel Chevalier took a great interest in its establishment, and the provisional committee drew up a series of regulations at Brussels, which were submitted to the National Society at the London meeting of 1862. The objects of the association were then stated to be to guide public opinion to the best means of ameliorating civil and criminal legislation, to perfect and extend education, to spread the influence of arts and letters in modern society, to increase the public wealth and ensure its good application, to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, and to secure the spread of such principles as give power and dignity to nations. Brussels was the city chosen for the first meeting in 1862, then Ghent, Amsterdam, and now Berne. The five sections into which the present meeting has resolved itself are *Legislation, Education, Arts, Bienfaisance et Hygiène publique, Economie politique*. Under the first head, the system of securing freedom and honesty of electoral voting proposed by Mr. Hare has been under discussion, in continuation of the proceedings at Amsterdam last year. The *National Suisse* and the *Progrès* of Lyons have found great fault with the constitution of the Committee, asserting that a set of men more retrograde and less talented could scarcely be found. Warm supporters of the Jesuits, old Neuchâtel Royalists, Protestant Jesuits, and the patricians of the *Suisse romande*—such the *Progrès* declares to be the bulk of the Committee. Other Liberal papers, however, even those of an advanced character, express great satisfaction with all the arrangements.

### THE ANCIENT RHONE GLACIER.

At the meeting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences last week in Geneva, M. Alphonse Favre read a very interesting paper in the Geological section on the ancient Rhone glacier. M. Favre's name is so well known that his opinions are received with respect, and in the present case he had a long series of careful observations on which to found his views. The determination of the altitudes at which erratic blocks are found along the old line of that immense sea of ice, which even in its present diminished size is so striking, and in the results of its working upon the general scenery of the country it once covered is so picturesque, has occupied much of M. Favre's time. He believes that the determination of these



altitudes fixes approximately the limiting level of the glacier in the neighbourhood in which they are found, taking, of course, the highest erratics in each district. On this principle, he finds that the slope of the ice between the Col de Ferret and S. Maurice has been exceedingly steep; thence to Villeneuve, at the head of the Lake of Geneva, much less steep; while from Villeneuve down to the point at which the ice-stream burst the bounds set by the Jura, where now the Fort de l'Ecluse keeps a jealous watch, the glacier has presented a vast horizontal surface. Of course, on the Jura itself the descending stream has surged—so to speak—to various heights; but on the left bank, by Meillerie, and the foot of the Dent d'Oche (where, however, the ice seems to have risen in a wave) and down to the Voiron, one uniform superior limit of altitude is given by the erratics, being about 1,000 metres above the present surface of the sea, and therefore some 2,000 feet above the Lake of Geneva as it now stands. Before finally reaching the plain of France, the glacier met with a fresh opposition from the M. Sion, 600 metres in height, and here again the erratics tell of a horizontal surface. Beyond the M. Sion another monticule, the Grolée (533 m.), produced a similar result, and then the ice was lost in the plain. M. Favre has found by observations of a like kind at Colombier, and in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Annecy and Bourget, that the limit of erratics left by the Arve glacier coincides remarkably with the prevailing altitude of the Rhone erratics, and that the valleys of the lakes mentioned have been filled with ice to the same level.

At the conclusion of M. Favre's interesting communication, Professor Tyndall expressed, both in French and in German, his entire acquiescence in the idea thus enunciated of a vast glacier lake. Various objections were raised, among which one of some importance declared that the erratics on M. Sion are geologically distinct from the Rhone erratics, and are identical with those left by the departed glacier of Beaufort.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

By a happy accident, the directors of this company have outvoted the demand for a committee of investigation into the charges brought against them by Captain Jervis, in vain. The proxy papers were not properly stamped—the stamps, at least, were not properly effaced according to the statute made and provided in that behalf—and the vote in favour of the directors was thus lost. A committee of investigation has been appointed, and Captain Jervis will now have full opportunity of making good his accusations, and the directors of refuting them, if they can.

Something more than the interests of the shareholders is concerned in this matter. The confession of the directors that they are in the habit of borrowing beyond their legal competence, and their statement that all railway boards sin in the like manner, have given a just shock to public confidence. To the extent to which they exceed their powers of borrowing, the lenders hold an illegal security for what they lend—in other words, no security at all. If this, as the Great Eastern directors allege, is a common practice, it is one which cannot be too strongly condemned. Other points will be brought under the notice of the committee of investigation equally interesting to their shareholders; but to the public at large this is the main point; and, as the directors have confessed their guilt in respect of it, it will be a matter for the Legislature to deal with by some stringent enactment which shall prevent such illegal practices for the future.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25-22 $\frac{1}{2}$  per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly two-tenths dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 109 to 109 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In Colonial Government securities, Canadian are rather firm. The Six per Cents. (January and July, 1877-84) were done at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$  7; Cape of Good Hope Six per Cents. (1880-90), 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mauritius Six per Cents. (1873, January and July), 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1888-92), 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Queensland Six per Cents., 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Victoria Six per Cents. (April and October), 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The transactions in joint-stock bank shares have again been rather large, and in several descriptions a further advance has taken place. London and County were especially in demand and marked 77. Alliance, Chartered of India, Australia, and China, Commercial of India, English Joint-Stock, European, London and South African, London and Venezuela, and Merchant Bank, have also improved.

The following are the latest recorded prices of business transacted in insurance companies' shares.—Albert Medical Life, and Family Endowment, 2; Commercial Union, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  3; County, 85; Indemnity Marine, 126; Liverpool and London Fire and Life, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  2; London, 47; Provident Life, 38; Marine, 90 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Ocean Marine, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Thames and Mersey Marine, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Universal Marine, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Overend, Gurney, & Co. are quoted 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; M'Queen Brothers, 1 2 prem.; London Jute Works,  $\frac{1}{2}$  1 prem.; London-bridge Land, 2 1 dis.; Albert Bridge, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Atlantic Telegraph Pref., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 dis.; London Quays,  $\frac{1}{2}$  dis. par.; General Estates, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.; Menai Park and Hotel, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.; West Worthing Hotel and Mansions, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 prem.

The payment of the railway dividends has been in full force for the last few days, the principal ones being disbursed through Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co. Some of the withdrawals of money from the Stock Exchange have been made to meet these requirements.

The railway calls due this week were, on Tuesday, Central Argentine, £2 per share, £100,000; Thursday, Midland, new £9 shares, £1. 10s. per share, £178,387; Friday, Varna, £2 per share, £90,000. The only other call due in Sept. is 80 per cent. on the East London paid-up scrip, on the 23rd; 50 per cent. of which, however, may be deferred to the 23rd March. The total known amount of calls for Sept. is therefore only £90,000, and the first nine months of the year £9,964,794.

It is understood that two or three of the companies which have been refused settlements at the Stock Exchange propose to re-organize affairs, with the object of carrying out their enterprises and obtaining the sanction of the committee to the undertakings in their new form.

It has been announced that a call of £4 per share has this day been made on the shares of Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited), payable on the 22nd of September next, at the banking-house of Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Twells, & Co. This is quite in accordance with the arrangements already intimated, and the next call in November will make the total £15 per share proposed to be paid.

A meeting of the holders of Confederate Cotton Bonds is called for Monday next, to consider their altered position, now that the Government of the United States has become the *de facto* Government of the Confederate States, and, if deemed expedient, to appoint a committee to protect their rights and interests, and generally to take such steps as may be thought advisable.

A meeting of the Humber Ironworks Company was held on Monday, when reporters were refused admission—for what reason the shareholders and the public will form their own opinion.

The directors of the Great Western Railway Company recommend to the proprietors the following dividends for the six months ending the 31st July:—Great Western Original Stock, at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Oxford) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £1. 2s. 6d. per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Newport) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of 17s. 6d. per cent. per annum; Great Western (West Midland—Hereford) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum; Great Western (South Wales) Ordinary Stock, at the rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum—carrying forward a balance of about £12,000.

The following are the rates of "continuation," or for carrying over purchases of foreign and railway stocks from the present to the next account. In the former class of securities they are comparatively high, except as regards the Confederate Loan; in the latter they are almost uniformly low:—

Great Western .....	even	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ cont.
Leeds .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
London .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Midland .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Caledonian .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Great Northern .....	even	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Ditto A .....	$\frac{1}{2}$	to	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Metropolitan .....	1-16	to	3-16 "
Ditto Extension .....	even	to	6d. "
South-Eastern .....	even	to	— "
Sheffield .....	even	to	1-16 "
North-Eastern: Berwick .....	3-16	to	5-16 "
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## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## HOMER'S ILIAD IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.\*

ONE of the fairy places to which Mr. Kingsley conducted his Water-Baby was a wonderful maelström somewhere under the North Pole, in which all the forthcoming efforts of genius were simmering in a state of pulp. Fancy what a wild scene! All Miss Braddon's unpublished novels hissing away like steam-engines; all Mr. Sala's airy productions blowing off bubbles; all volumes of sermons yet to be printed surging slowly up in the cauldron, and rolling over like porpoises; heavy books, light books, good books, bad books, great books, little books—all that the present generation is likely to see were on private view there. It would have been a treat to look over the edge, and see what was coming. And besides the stronger feelings of pleasure, or disgust, or intense impatience, which the sight might give rise to, we confess that we should give one sharp look at any rate to see if there were any more translations of Homer cooking, and if they were nearly done. The supply is apparently inexhaustible. We have had them now in almost every possible form: Chapman's Trochaics; Pope's Heroics; Cowper, Lord Derby, Mr. Wright in blank verse; a learned Dean in Hendecasyllabics; Mr. Worsley in Spenserian stanza; not to mention many other "dishes from great Homeric dinners," of which Aristophanes speaks. Nor does this exhaust the list, for the present year has witnessed two complete translations of the "Iliad" in English hexameter. One of these has been already noticed in the LONDON REVIEW; and the second, by Mr. J. H. Dart, is now before us, in a dainty volume, printed on toned paper, every page surrounded by its own red line, while on the mauve cover of the book the shield of Achilles, elaborately wrought in gold, meets the eye. It is with a little fear and dread that the critic approaches the discussion of this latest "dish"; because he is given to understand, at the beginning of the preface, that, when a portion of the book was published, certain great men were very much pleased with it, and, as the work has been since polished up and improved, it may be presumptuous to examine its merits. Still, the task shall be ventured, and it is no unpleasant one, for there is much to like in a translation which is remarkable both for spirit and general accuracy. Leaving altogether untouched the old controversy between the advocates of the English hexameter and its opponents, and not even opening the question as to the suitability of such a metre for translating Homer, we will accept Mr. Dart's mature conviction that "now, on the completion of his task, he sees no reason to regret having selected the hexameter." Still, it is hardly possible to assent to his view that in that metre alone is it possible "to combine adequate fidelity to the original with that vigour and rapidity of movement without which a translation may reproduce the ideas of the poet, and be an exceedingly elaborate, elegant, and artistic production, but is not Homer; any more than the obelisk at Luxor is the Matterhorn." Nor does this statement seem quite consistent with the remark which follows almost immediately after, that the disadvantage of the hexameter, as compared with blank verse, is that it is less easily handled, and requires a greater amount of labour. However, Mr. Dart has produced a readable hexameter; with few exceptions the rhythm of the line can be caught at first perusal—which is no small praise; but what strikes us as a very glaring defect is the constant recurrence of two monosyllables, as the spondee at the end of the verse. He seems to delight in such terminations as "brass bands," "small birds," "close fight," "pale lips," the result of which is that the accent is thrown in reading on the first of the two syllables; and the second, often the more important of the two, is consequently insufficiently accented. Here, for instance, are four consecutive lines (xvi. 297), which offend grievously:—

"Forth, through the gaping wound, out oozing, the blood and the  
smash'd brains  
Flooded the shaft of the spear: all loosed was his strength; and  
his slack hand  
Left Patroclus's foot, and let it fall to the dank earth,  
There to repose:—and himself came down dead, over the dead  
man."

Mr. Dart confesses to have had many searchings of heart about retaining the Greek or substituting the English accent in proper names, and to have become a convert to the latter system; but he must not forget that accent is one thing and quantity is another. He has no reason to write *Abrabara* for *Abarbara*, or *Pidytes* for *Pidytes*; nor ought the goddess of Strife to be written several times *Erys* for *Eris*. If the English ear is fastidious about accent, it is also extremely impatient about involved and complicated sentences. Not so very long since, in a trial about money due for the translation of a German book, a witness, who had to translate a passage at sight in court, was held up to the withering contempt of the jury for making a moment's pause. The counsel on the other side instantly challenged him to explain his hesitation, and, on learning the cause, turned to the jury, and said in tones of compassion—"Gentlemen, he's looking for the verb!" What would the jury have thought of this sentence in Mr. Dart's translation (xiv. 83)?—

"Even us, who are cursed with, by great Zeus,  
From our earliest youth till old age closes upon us,  
Constant war and strife, till each lies low in the contest."

\* The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Hexameter verse, By J. H. Dart, M.A. London: Longmans.

Or of this (xix. 400)?—

"Xanthus! renowned issue!—thou Balios too—of Podarge!"

But the fault which we find most widely scattered through the translation is a want of appreciation, in one form or another, of the Homeric simplicity. Homer is scarcely ever epigrammatic, and it seems to us a grave fault when a translator introduces such a style, even though he may seem to make a point by doing so. This is an instance of the fault. Agamemnon bids the Greeks (ii. 381)—

νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δειπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρηα,

being simply, "Now go to dinner, that we may join battle." Mr. Dart gives us the antithesis:—

"Hence then each to his meal;—and then to the banquet of Arés!"

And the same tendency comes out even more strongly in the translation of Athena's advice (i. 209):—

ἀλλ' ἦτοι ἐπεσι μὲν ἀνείδισον, ὥς ἔσεται περ;

that is, "But revile him with words, just as they shall come up." There is not a word which justifies the elaborate—

"Use not the cold keen blade, but the keener edge of invective."

In a line for line translation, like this, we must protest against all ornamentation which is foreign to the original, all misrepresentation of metaphors, all purely modern turns of thought, and touches of what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy"; and each of these blemishes may be found in the book before us.

Under the head of extra ornaments may be quoted (v. 487)—

"Lest in the net of the fisher, as fish lie writhing and gasping"—

The fisher is introduced and the fish supplied by the translator. Again, Mr. Dart gives us (v. 420):—

"Nor was the tender scene unobserved by Athéne and Hére."

Homer simply says, "Athéne and Hére, seeing this, did so and so." In xvi. 35, Patroclus reproaches Achilles because his "heart is stern" (ὅτι τοι νόος ἰστὶν ἀπηνής), but in the translation he is described, "with mind more rough than the sea cliffs." Nor can we think that the gratuitous addition of "unfortunate infant" (vi. 346), in Helen's reference to herself, nor of "struck its little mind with amazement," in the description of Astyanax (*ibid.* 470), is any additional beauty, but rather the reverse. Nor, as far as we can see, is there any advantage in saying (xvi. 69) that "all Troy comes foaming against them"; nor, to quote the threat against Thersites, that the King will (ii. 263) "leave him as bare as his face is"; nor to talk of a "sword slumbering in the scabbard" (xi. 30), when there is not the faintest suspicion of such ideas in the Greek. If Homer says (x. 7) that the "snow powders the fields," is not that as good as "the white fleece covers the meadows"? And we would rather have the simple and literal rendering, "a shout arose at dawn" (xi. 50), than "wild shouts rent the grey of the morning"; nor can we help feeling that the plain expression, "the fame of the shield has reached to heaven" (viii. 192) is infinitely better than "Heaven's self hears the praise of the buckler." This personal treatment of natural objects is not Homeric; it is rather the spirit of modern poetry, and the better the poetry, the less is this tendency exaggerated. Nothing should be more rigorously guarded against than any use of a Johnsonian style in translating Homer; and we confess that the opening of Andromache's speech (vi. 407), "O, suicidal valour!" is too Johnsonian a rendering for the simple and tender *Δαϊμόνι, φθισι σὲ τὸ σὸν μένος*. "Severe is celestial anger," as a translation of *χαλεπὴ δὲ θεοῦ ἐπὶ μῆνις* (v. 178), seems to belong to the same school; so, too, where the swollen river is described (xvi. 393) as "bearing in one great wrack all weak devices of mortals," we hold it to be not only an unnecessary enlargement of *μινύθει δὲ τε ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων*, but an actual error; for *ἔργα* are neither more nor less than farmsteads,—"hominumque boumque labores." But of merely wrong renderings we do not propose to speak further: a long translation like this can hardly be expected to escape them, yet the number that strikes the eye in rapid reading is not large; it is, indeed, pleasant to see, from the first book to the last, marks of conscientious and careful work.

And now that those points in the book which seem to call for amendment have been thus touched upon, it is an agreeable task to select two or three passages which give favourable specimens of Mr. Dart's work. The comparison between the march of an army and the thronging waves is thus given (iv. 423):—

"As when the south-west wind stirs the deep, and the waves of the ocean

Break on a rock-bound beach—wave on wave in unending succession—

First, far away out at sea, the dark surges heave in their furrows; Then, rolling in on the shore, burst in thunder and foam, and the headlands

Hurl back the wash of the sea: and the white spray shivers around them:

So, in unending succession, the Danaan troops moved to battle."

The only thing we miss in the picture is the curl of the wave, in the last line but one (*κυρτὸν ἰδὼν κορυφοῦται*). An equally good piece of painting is the description of the champion of Troy (xi. 61):—



"Hector amid their van, with a round shield glancing before him,  
Moved; as the baleful star on high, through rents of the storm-  
cloud,  
Glimmers and then disappears, as the black scud sails over  
heaven:  
So, 'mid the foremost ranks, now Hector was seen for an instant;  
Now in the serried array was he lost;—and the gleam of his  
harness  
Flash'd, as the lightning-blaze from Zeus, from the Ægis-wielder."

There is much vigour in the contemptuous taunts of Patroclus  
to the fallen Cebriones—we cannot read the rough and ready wit  
without a smile:—

"Gods! what a nimble man! How easy that shoot from the  
chariot!  
Did he but happen to live by the ocean, where fish are abounding,  
Many a mouth, through him, might be satisfied—diving for  
oysters,  
Even in time of storm, from the boat's side taking his headers:  
Easy enough for one who on land thus dives from his war-steeds.  
Who would have thought such tumblers had ever been found 'mid  
the Trojans?"—(xvi. 392).

We may add one more passage, of a different tone, from Andro-  
mache's lament over Hector:—

"Husband, beloved! thou 'st gone in the pride of thy youth; and  
hast left me,  
Widow'd, behind in thy palace; thy child, too, a helpless infant;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Bitter and deep is the sorrow thy death brings down on thy  
parents,  
Hector! but I have a grief yet deeper and nearer than theirs is—  
I never felt that hand give a last fond touch from thy death-bed,  
Not one parting word was bestow'd on thy wife;—to be treasured,  
Day and night, in her tears, as the last sad link of remembrance."

Here we must take our leave of Mr. Dart; we cannot altogether  
say regretfully, for our ears have not yet been trained to love the  
English hexameter for itself, nor to accept it as a representative of  
the Homeric verse. But we have found much to like, much  
appreciation of the original, much honest work bestowed upon it.  
To a translation containing so much real vigour, so many happy  
touches, we must give something of higher praise than merely  
to say it is the best complete version extant in English hexameter.  
It has done more than escape failure; in its own line it has  
achieved something of a success.

#### THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF CHRIST.\*

It has been long since admitted by even the most earnest  
defenders of a literal inspiration of Scripture, that the Mosaic  
Cosmogony and the story of the Noachian deluge can no longer  
be understood in a purely literal sense. The writer of Genesis  
either represents certain great events in the history of the world  
and of humanity in an allegorical form, or he makes use of  
modes of speech current and well understood in his own day, but  
not in harmony with the language and thought of modern times.  
Nobody now insists on a literal "rising" and "setting" of the  
sun, or denies the annual motion of the earth in its orbit because  
Scripture says that God "has made the round world so fast  
that it cannot be moved." Nor is it any longer considered neces-  
sary to believe that the deluge slowly climbed its way to the very  
summits of the Andes and Himalaya mountains. Symbolic and  
non-literal interpretation once conceded on these points, it becomes  
evident that a stop cannot be put to its more extensive applica-  
tion. Science has only to establish an additional unquestionable  
fact, and the claim is irresistible. And, if natural science can  
succeed in wresting such concessions, any other well-established  
branch of knowledge—even the science of modern criticism—may  
do the same. An extension of warfare of this kind has already  
taken place in the transfer of controversy from the old battle-fields  
to the question of the antiquity of man. Was Adam actually  
the first man, or was he only a typical man—the progenitor,  
leader, or "first man" of a particular race. The answer given  
both by science and criticism to this query is diametrically opposed  
to the ordinary views of the meaning of the Mosaic narrative.  
Geologists claim that they can trace the existence of the human  
race to tens of thousands of years beyond the date assigned to its  
commencement in the Bible; and their opinion finds a partial  
support in the great periods over which the Chinese and Hindoo  
chronologies extend. But the inquiry has been taken up by  
criticism on other grounds, and by operating on a different kind  
of material. Ancient documents of nearly contemporaneous  
origin with the Bible have been compared with the Scriptures, and  
some very remarkable coincidences with the Scripture narrative  
have been in consequence discovered in the histories of the  
branches of the Indo-Germanic race whose records these docu-  
ments are supposed to be.

In the two volumes before us on the "Hidden Wisdom of  
Christ," Mr. Bunsen has given some of the remarkable results of  
this critical inquiry. The main object of his work is to trace a  
"Hidden Wisdom"—a pure monotheistic religion originally taught  
to Adam by Divine revelation—down from the time of that patri-

arch to the advent of Christ in the two branches of the Aryan race  
through which it had been separately transmitted. But as Adam  
is the last human link of the chain from which this wisdom hangs,  
a rational account of him and of the part he played in the Divine  
economy, becomes an indispensable, though a subordinate, object  
of the work. His views, as might be expected from his name and  
his connection with the great Baron Bunsen of Continental fame,  
do not bear the exact impress of orthodoxy. He freely deals with  
the Bible on Dr. Colenso's principle, that it should be criticized  
like any other book; and many pious persons will no doubt be  
startled, shocked, horrified, and perhaps justly so, to learn that a  
Divine revelation of a pure religion has been given to the human  
race through any other nation than that which has ordinarily been  
considered "the repository of the oracles of God." A further cause  
of surprise will be the statement that the purer doctrines and  
purer form of worship was with this other nation, and that the  
Jewish religion then became spiritualized and improved when the  
two branches of the original race were brought into contact in the  
Babylonish captivity—nay more, that these pure doctrines, not  
unknown to Moses, were the very ones which were afterwards  
taught and expanded by Christ, and now form the basis of Evan-  
gelical Christianity, while the Church of Rome and its admirers  
are still imbibing the old leaven of Judaism.

These opinions are curious and startling; but they are, never-  
theless, put forward by Mr. Bunsen with feelings of the friendliest  
interest in the mission of the Christian religion, and a sincere con-  
viction of its truth and of its miraculous character. The author  
has brought an extensive amount of erudition to his task; his facts  
are well chosen and cleverly marshalled to bear on his arguments,  
which are at least plausible, if not convincing to accurately logical  
minds. Adam, in his opinion, was not the progenitor of the whole  
human race, but he was the "first man" in a spiritual sense. He  
represents the introduction of the knowledge and worship of One  
God into the world, and the separation of the clan of which he  
was the head from the polytheistic idolaters which surrounded it.  
Such a supposition is confirmed by the writer of Genesis, who  
calls the descendants of Adam, "sons of God," as distinguished  
from other people then in the world, described as "giants" and  
"daughters of men." Adam could not have been literally the  
"first man," for after Abel's death there was no other son  
except Cain left to Adam, and therefore no man living who could  
have taken vengeance on Cain, and in consequence incurred the  
sevenfold vengeance which the Almighty had decreed against the  
murderer. Cain could not have been in any danger from Adam,  
for he had fled from his presence to the land of Nod—Han Nod—  
India; and even if he were, why, in that case put a mark on him  
to distinguish him? If any of his sisters had followed him to  
Nod, and were inclined to avenge Abel's death, a mark of the  
kind could have no meaning. Adam and his sons must, therefore,  
be explained, like the sons and grandsons of Noah, ethnographi-  
cally: the former representing the head of the Aryan race in their  
original home in the Bactrian mountains, and the latter the two  
branches into which it soon divided, and eventually settled, one on  
the shores of Palestine, and the other on the banks of the Upper  
Indus. All this is further confirmed by a story in the Zend-  
Avesta of Zoroaster, which is the exact counterpart of that of Cain  
and Abel. Mr. Bunsen inclines to the opinion that the Zoroaster  
of the Zend-Avesta is the Adam of the Bible, "the first man  
with whom God spake, and who obeyed his voice," as the Zend  
declares of the former. He may possibly have been Abraham, but  
it is more likely that he was a forerunner of that patriarch, and the  
account of his connection with the schism that took place among  
the Aryans rather identifies him with Adam. The story bears a  
striking resemblance to that of the first fratricide recorded in the  
Bible. Originally the Aryans were all shepherds, and led a romantic  
life in their Bactrian mountain-home. Their numbers increasing, the  
pastoral occupation had become insufficient to find employment for  
the whole race, and it was at last thought advisable to urge the  
necessity of cultivating the ground. Hereupon much discontent  
and contention arose among the brother tribes, which threatened  
to end in a schism. The separation could, however, have been  
prevented but that the publication by Zoroaster, at the very time,  
of the Divine revelations precipitated the disaster. He was the  
prophet "not only of agriculture and civilization, but also of the  
living God." In order, as such, to introduce a complete reform, he  
summoned a meeting of the Aryan tribes; and, standing before  
the sacred fire, addressed them in a metrical speech, which has been  
preserved, to separate from the polytheists and worship the one  
Living Wise One. "A true perception of the duties of man  
towards God should lead him to fulfil his duties to his neighbours,  
and among these stand foremost the cultivation of the soil." Thus  
monotheism and agriculture were combined in the one reform.  
The consequence was inevitable. A section of the Aryan brothers  
resisted the reform, and, preferring a voluntary exile, descended  
southwards, and settled on the banks of the Upper Indus. The  
story also informs us that Zoroaster decreed that "sevenfold ven-  
geance" should be taken on any that should hurt the brother  
tribes that were departing from the presence of the Lord to dwell  
in other countries. The points of resemblance between this story  
and that of Cain and Abel are sufficiently numerous and remark-  
able to deserve attention; but there is a discrepancy which Mr.  
Bunsen thinks of no importance, but we incline to think a very  
serious obstacle to the reception of his theory. There is, in both  
cases, the contest between the agriculturist and the shepherd,  
between irreligion and piety; but, in the Bible, it is the shepherd  
that attaches himself to God, and it is the shepherd's occupation

\* The Hidden Wisdom of Christ, and the Key of Knowledge or History of the  
Apocrypha. By Ernest de Bunsen. Two vols. London: Longman, Green, & Co.



that is held in high repute; and this fact seems to point to an earlier date than could naturally belong to the events recorded in the Zend-Avesta, when the value of agriculture was more generally appreciated.

Zoroaster, being thus assumed to have been Adam, and a prophet to whom the Divine revelation was given, the next question is, What was the substance of the "hidden wisdom" of which he was made the repository? The leading article of this creed was that God is a spirit—one and invisible, holy, wise, good, Almighty, infinite—the omnipresent Creator. The next relates to the Divine Wisdom, or Word, the firstborn among all creatures, the Divine Spirit, the Mediator between the Creator and the Creature, and the organ of sanctification and immortality. This Divine Spirit is given to man; and, by its in-dwelling in him, he is sanctified. There is a contest continually going on in man between the Spirit of the Creator and the spirit of the creature—between good and evil. Those who in this struggle are led by the heavenly wisdom, by the in-dwelling Holy Spirit, are, after the death of the body, translated to the throne of God, and they become friends and sons of God. There is, then, added the doctrine about angels, good and bad; also of the universality of God's saving love, of righteousness by the grace of God, and atonement by righteousness, with injunctions to prayer, by which purity in thought, words, and deeds is best attainable.

This "hidden wisdom," originally communicated to the one man, Adam, *alias* Zoroaster, was afterwards transmitted in two streams, and assumed two very different forms. It was called "hidden" because, being spiritual, and as such not calculated to impress the ignorant multitudes, it was taught and retained as an esoteric doctrine among an initiated few, while, for the people, an exoteric or more material form of religion was provided. The hidden wisdom was known to Moses and the spiritual heads of the Israelite nation up to the time of the captivity; but it was treated always as a mystery, and to a very slight extent publicly made known. Among the followers of Zoroaster, on the contrary, the hidden wisdom was largely identified with the popular religion. Hence, according to Mr. Bunsen's views, when the Jews were brought into contact with the East in the Babylonish captivity, their religion underwent a fundamental change through the introduction of a spiritual element, which afterwards largely predominated over ritual, and eventually, under Christ and his Apostles, destroyed it. During the Captivity, notions of God and of religion which the Jewish priests had concealed from the people, under the notion that they were unfitted to receive them, became a common inheritance; and hence the reforms in the Jewish worship, which, after the return from the Captivity, were initiated and carried out by Ezra and Nehemiah, may be accounted for. That a remarkable change for the better took place in the national religion about that time is well known, and that this in some way was owing to the influence of the Eastern religions with which it was brought into contact is also universally acknowledged. This wholesome revival Mr. Bunsen believes to have been due to the accidental crossing and intermixture, in the Captivity, of the two streams down which the one original Adamite revelation had descended, and the consequent infusion of new life into the decayed religion of the old monarchies of Israel and Judah.

It is but a rapid glance we can now take of the remainder of this work; but what has been already explained will, we trust, make that slight outline intelligible. The mission of Christ was to carry out the good work commenced under Ezra, to revive, republish, expand, and, by additional revelation, to enlarge this "Wisdom," and make it the common privilege and happiness of mankind to derive consolation from its light. From man it was no more to be hidden. Preach the Gospel to every creature was the last command of the ascending Saviour. But the old leaven of Judaism was still at work—an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine—one religion for the people and another for the initiated; and even the Lord's disciples were not free from the mischievous influence. The apocryphal wisdom had been kept secret by Christ during his ministry for obvious reasons; but it was his special injunction that it should be openly promulgated by his apostles after they were endued with power from on high. The command in its fulness was carried out, Mr. Bunsen thinks, only by St. Paul. There was this difference, he says, between his Gospel and that of the remaining twelve, that "he proclaimed openly the hidden wisdom which the others had not once proclaimed from the housetops." The consequence in the Church founded at Rome soon manifested itself. As St. Paul's influence declined in consequence of his imprisonment, and that of St. Peter arose to the ascendant, the "Hidden Wisdom" became less known, less thought of; and a Judaic and ritualist stamp was impressed on that Church which it has retained to the present day. Such is Mr. Bunsen's theory of the Church of Rome and its errors—a theory based on the fallibility of a dozen apostles with St. Peter at their head, and is as striking as it is novel, and is the more plausible on account of its being so very startling.

#### A SUMMER IN SKYE.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

In no portion of the British Islands can the traveller from London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, or any of the other great towns of the Empire, experience a greater sense of primitive antiquity and

remoteness than in Skye; in few will he so entirely get rid of the present and the concomitants of modern civilization. "Walking into the interior of Skye," writes Mr. Alexander Smith, "is like walking into antiquity; the present is behind you—your face is turned toward Ossian." Everything remains as it has been for hundreds of years—the same, that is to say, in fashion, if not in actual substance. The road-side hut is thatched with turfs as it was in the days of Fingal, and the smoke from the peat-fire within escapes through a hole in the roof. The spade with which the husbandman turns up the ground is of crooked shape, as the spades of the Pelasgi might have been. "You remove a pile of stones on the moor, and you come to a flagged chamber in which there is a handful of human bones—whose, no one can tell. Duntulm and Dunscaich moulder on their crags; but the song the passing milk-maid sings is older than they. You come upon old swords that were once bright and athirst for blood; old brooches that once clasped plaids; old churchyards with carvings of unknown knights on the tombs; and old men who seem to have inherited the years of the eagle or the crow." A primitive relation still exists between class and class. The old feudal, or clannish, feeling flourishes to this day among the Western Islesmen. The humbler orders willingly yield a species of allegiance to their lords, and the latter act the part of small Providences over their dependents, looking after their welfare, yet ruling them with a certain haughtiness of will. In the dealings of these two classes, cash-payments are not the invariable rule. Speaking of Mr. M'lan, the landlord of the house where the travellers lodged, Mr. Alexander Smith relates that, though he himself pays rent for his farm, his cotters pay no rent to him, either for their huts or their patches of corn and potato ground. He "takes it out of them" in labour. If at any time he wants a boy to watch his corn or turnip fields, he impounds one, who is bound to give him his services. If a boat is out of repair, he gets a man to mend it, and rewards him with a glass of whisky. In the hay season, the crop is gathered in by all available hands—men, women, and children—who look for no other return than a harvest-home supper and a dance. "No doubt," says our author, "Mr. M'lan's system has grave defects: it perpetuates comparative wretchedness on the part of the cotters, it paralyzes personal exertion, it begets an ignoble contentment; but, on the other hand, it sweetens sordid conditions, so far as they can be sweetened, by kindness and good services." This is very true. The patriarchal system has unquestionably some beautiful features to recommend it, and to us, saddened as we must sometimes be by the strife and remorselessness of civilization, the older form of society falls on the mind with the soothing effect of a mild pastoral landscape after the contention of cities. But the virtue of civilization is, that it is progressive and teachable, and under the worst of conditions is full of the possibilities of good; while the system represented by Mr. M'lan is stationary and stagnant—nay, absolutely hopeless of any improvement, except by its entire removal. The people of Skye live now pretty much as they did a thousand years ago: that is to say, they are as dirty, as ill-clothed, as poverty-stricken, as ignorant, and as superstitious. They fight less than they did; but that is nearly all the difference.

An amusing instance of the implicit loyalty of Skye men to the will of their superiors is given in the second of the volumes now before us. Some boatmen had taken Mr. Smith and his friend across the waters from Strathaird to the house of Mr. M'lan, for which they charged ten shillings—a sum the travellers agreed to pay. When the fact came to the knowledge of Mr. M'lan—an irascible old gentleman, who had been in the army in his younger days, and had fought under Wellington—he was loud in his denunciations, and declared that the demand was extortionate. The travellers protested that they thought the charge moderate, and were so anxious to get across that they would willingly have paid double the amount. Mr. M'lan, however, would not be pacified, but, seeking out the boatmen in hot haste, exclaimed, "Why, you rascals, did you charge these gentlemen ten shillings for taking them across the Loch? You know you are well enough paid if you get half." To this, the elder of the boatmen replied, with every demonstration of respect, "Sir, we'll just take what you please; just anything you like, Mr. M'lan." Still not mollified, the great man is reported to have rejoined, "Don't you see the mischief you do, and the discredit you bring on the country by this kind of thing? Every summer, the big lying blackguard *Times* is crammed with complaints of tourists who have been cheated by you and the like of you—although I don't believe half the stories. These fools"—this was an allusion to our author and his friend—"may go home to the south, and write to the newspapers about you." "The bargain the gentlemen made," said the spokesman, "was ten shillings; but if you think we have asked too much, we'll take six. But it's for your sake we'll take it, not for theirs." So the matter was settled, though the full sum was afterwards handed over to the boatmen by one of the travellers. It is evident from this episode that the humbler classes in Skye have but little freedom in the management of their own affairs. This is not a desirable state of things in the nineteenth century, and we think that Mr. Alexander Smith regards it with too great leniency. In painting a picture of life in a Highland hut, he is perhaps a little too much inclined to soften the shadows and heighten the lights; but the passage altogether is worth quoting:—

"Frankly speaking, the Highland hut is not a model edifice. It is open to wind, and almost always pervious to rain. An old bottomless herring-firkin stuck in the roof usually serves for chimney, but the blue peat-reek disdains that aperture, and steams wilfully through the door and the crannies in the walls and roof. The interior is seldom

\* *A Summer in Skye.* By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama," &c. Two vols. London: Strahan.



well lighted—what light there is proceeding rather from the orange glow of the peat-fire, on which a large pot is simmering, than from the narrow pane with its great bottle-green bull's-eye. The rafters which support the roof are black and glossy with soot, as you can notice by sudden flashes of firelight. The sleeping accommodation is limited, and the beds are composed of heather or ferns. The floor is the beaten earth, the furniture is scanty; there is hardly ever a chair—stools and stones, worn smooth by the usage of several generations, have to do instead. One portion of the hut is not unfrequently a byre, and the breath of the cow is mixed with the odour of peat-reek, and the bza of the calf mingles with the wranglings and swift ejaculations of the infant Highlanders. In such a hut as this there are sometimes three generations. The mother stands knitting outside, the children are scrambling on the floor with the terrier and the poultry, and a ray of cloudy sunshine from the narrow pane smites the silver hairs of the grandfather near the fire, who is mending fishing-nets against the return of his son-in-law from the south. Am I inclined to lift my hands in horror at witnessing such a dwelling? Certainly not. I have only given one side of the picture. The hut I speak of nestles beneath a rock, on the top of which dances the ash-tree and the birch. The emerald mosses on its roof are softer and richer than the velvets of kings. Twenty yards down that path you will find a well that needs no ice in the dog-days. At a little distance, from rocky shelf to shelf, trips a mountain burn, with abundance of trout in the brown pools. At the distance of a mile is the sea, which is not allowed to ebb and flow in vain; for, in the smoke, there is a row of fishes drying; and, on the floor, a curly-headed urchin of three years, or thereby, is pommelling the terrier with the scarlet claw of a lobster. Methought, too, when I entered, I saw beside the door a heap of oyster shells. Within the hut there is good food, if a little scant at times; without there is air that will call colour back to the cheek of an invalid, pure water, play, exercise, work. That the people are healthy you may see from their strong frames, brown faces, and the age to which many attain; that they are happy and light-hearted, the shouts of laughter that ring round the peat-fire of an evening may be taken as sufficient evidence. I protest I cannot become pathetic over the Highland hut. I have sat in these turf dwellings, amid the surgings of blue smoke, and received hospitable welcome, and found amongst the inmates good sense, industry, family affection, contentment, piety, happiness. And when I have heard philanthropists, with more zeal than discretion, maintain that these dwellings are a disgrace to the country in which they are found, I have thought of districts of great cities which I have seen,—within the sound of the rich man's chariot wheels, within hearing of multitudinous Sabbath bells—of evil scents and sights and sounds; of windows stuffed with rags; of female faces that look out on you as out of a sadder Inferno than that of Dante's; of faces of men containing the debris of the entire decalogue, faces which hurt you more than a blow would; of infants poisoned with gin, of children bred for the prison and the hulks. Depend upon it there are worse odours than peat smoke, worse next-door neighbours than a cow or a brood of poultry; and although a couple of girls dragging a harrow be hardly in accordance with our modern notions, yet we need not forget that there are worse employments for girls than even that. I do not stand up for the Highland hut; but, in one of these smoky cabins, I would a thousand-fold rather spend my days than in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or in one of the streets that radiate from Seven Dials."

Of course, looked at *per se*, the Highland hut is better than the squalid town dwelling. The compensations of nature are wanting in the latter, and the vice of large towns is more corrupt and repulsive than the vice of primitive country places. But we must look at these facts in connection with the larger questions to which they belong. The Cowgate and Seven Dials are, on the whole, better than the hovel of the Hebridean peasant, because, bad as they are, they belong to a system which, there is reason to believe, will right itself in time. The whole condition of things is in movement, with a thousand germs of good working in the midst of the ferment. Barbarism, on the other hand, is simply stagnant; it moves neither for better nor worse, and, if it has none of the perils of civilization, has also none of its hopes.

Mr. Smith gives an admirable account of a visit which he paid to Dunvegan castle, a portion of which is said to be as old as the ninth century. Other parts were built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the rest is modern. Our author was somewhat disappointed at being obliged to obtain admission by ringing a bell, and by finding the gate answered by a trim servant-maid, instead of a warder; also by the neatly-kept flower-garden in front of the castle, and the look of newness in the inhabited parts. But he speedily reflected that, Dunvegan not being a ruin, but a dwelling-place, it was unreasonable to expect the desolate wildness of Tantallon. Besides, on a closer inspection, many highly picturesque, savage, and poetically gloomy features disclosed themselves in Dunvegan. The rock on which it stands is surrounded on three sides by the sea; there are grim old suites of rooms, with dusky portraits and mouldering weapons and armour, and a haunted chamber, and a crowd of strange, swart legends, and spiral staircases, and narrow dungeons, now turned into wine-cellar, and near mountains and dark shadowing woods. While here, Mr. Smith's guide told him a savage legend of the Macdonalds and the Macleods:—

"On a stormy winter evening, when the walls of Dunvegan were wet with the rain of the cloud and the spray of the sea, Macleod, before he sat down to dinner, went out to have a look at the weather. 'A giant's night is coming on, my men,' he said when he came in, 'and if Macdonald of Sleat were at the foot of my rock seeking a night's shelter, I don't think I could refuse it.' He then sat down in the torch-light at the top of the long table, with his gentlemen around him. When they were half through with their meal a man came in with the news that the barge of Macdonald of Sleat—which had been driven back by

stress of weather on its way to Harris—was at the foot of the rock, and that Macdonald asked shelter for the night for himself and his men. 'They are welcome,' said Macleod; 'tell them to come in.' The man went away, and in a short time Macdonald, his piper, and his body guard of twelve, came in wet with the spray and rain, and weary with rowing. Now, on the table there was a boar's head—which is always an omen of evil to a Macdonald—and, noticing the dish, Donald Gorm, with his men about him, sat at the foot of the long table, beneath the salt, and away from Macleod and the gentlemen. Seeing this, Macleod made a place beside himself, and called out, 'Macdonald of Sleat, come and sit up here!' 'Thank you,' said Donald Gorm, 'I'll remain where I am; but remember that wherever Macdonald of Sleat sits that's the head of the table.' So when dinner was over the gentlemen began to talk about their exploits in hunting, and their deeds in battle, and to show each other their dirks. Macleod showed his, which was very handsome, and it was passed down the long table from gentleman to gentleman, each one admiring it and handing it to the next, till at last it came to Macdonald, who passed it on, saying nothing. Macleod noticed this, and called out 'Why don't you show your dirk, Donald? I hear it's very fine.' Macdonald then drew his dirk, and holding it up in his right hand, called out, 'Here it is, Macleod of Dunvegan, and in the best hand for pushing it home in the four-and-twenty islands of the Hebrides.' Now, Macleod was a strong man, but Macdonald was a stronger, and so Macleod could not call him a liar; but thinking he would be mentioned next, he said, 'And where is the next best hand for pushing a dirk home in the four-and-twenty islands?' 'Here,' cried Donald Gorm, holding up his dirk in his left hand, and brandishing it in Macdonald's face, who sat amongst his gentlemen, biting his lips with vexation. So when it came to bedtime, Macleod told Macdonald that he had prepared a chamber for him near his own, and that he had placed fresh heather in a barn for the piper and the body-guard of twelve. Macdonald thanked Macleod, but remembering the boar's head on the table, said he would go with his men, and that he preferred for his couch the fresh heather to the down of the swan. 'Please yourself, Macdonald of Sleat,' said Macleod, as he turned on his heel.

"Now, it so happened that one of the body-guard of twelve had a sweetheart in the castle, but he had no opportunity of speaking to her. But once when she was passing the table with a dish she put her mouth to the man's ear and whispered, 'Bid your master beware of Macleod. The barn you sleep in will be red flame at midnight, and ashes before the morning.' The words of the sweetheart passed the man's ear like a little breeze, but he kept the colour of his face, and looked as if he had heard nothing. So when Macdonald and his men got into the barn where the fresh heather had been spread for them to sleep on, he told the words which had been whispered in his ear. Donald Gorm then saw the trick that was being played, and led his men quietly out by the back door of the barn, down to a hollow rock which stood up against the wind, and there they sheltered themselves. By midnight the sea was red with the reflection of the burning barn, and morning broke on gray ashes and smouldering embers. The Macleods thought they had killed their enemies; but fancy their astonishment when Donald Gorm, with his body-guard of twelve, marched past the castle down to the foot of the rock, where his barge was moored, with his piper playing in front—'Macleod, Macleod, Macleod of Dunvegan, I drove my dirk into your father's heart, and in payment of last night's hospitality I'll drive it to the hilt in his son's yet.'"

In the chapter entitled "A Smoky Parliament," Mr. Smith puts into the mouth of his companion some excellent remarks on the tendency exhibited by all uncivilized peoples to attribute to external nature an evil and malignant feeling towards man; and he quotes a Forfarshire popular rhyme in proof of this:—

"The dowie (quietly dismal) Dean,  
It rins it lean (its lane, lone, solitary),  
An' every seven year it gets ean (ane, one)."

That is to say, it gets a human victim, once in every seven years. On this, the quoter remarks:—

"What specially strikes me in this rhyme is its quiet power of awe, its reflex of the passionless calm, which, in scorn of contrast with the 'fever and fret' and flux of human feeling, is the specially frightful thing in nature. No need for the Dean to trouble itself to employ kelpies: it runs quietly, gloomily on, feeding its fine red trout, and sure that by the serene law of the case when the hour comes the man will, and will drop to his moist doom, with no trouble given. 'It gets ean,' when the said 'ean' is due; and never having been disappointed, it runs on 'dowie,' and not disturbing itself, as certain of its food in season. This it plainly reckons on, somewhat as year after year we look for strawberries and new potatoes. Then, the 'It rins it lean' by itself, solitary, sullen, morose, as it were, and in the depths of its moody pools meditating periodical unsocial mischiefs, past and to come. For haggard, imaginative suggestion, unless it be in the 'Twa Corbies,' I don't know where we can quite equal this. Beside this primal poetry of man's spiritual instinct of terror our later verse-developments are the merest nothings."

Another similar rhyme runs thus:—

"Says Tweed to Till,  
'What gars you rin sae still?'  
Says Till to Tweed,  
'Though ye rin wi' speed,  
An' I rin slaw,  
For ae man that ye droon,  
I droon twa.'"

We cannot agree with Mr. Smith's companion in thinking that this is inferior to the other. It seems to us even finer. There is a horrible goblin "trickiness" in it—a cold-blooded self-possession—a mixture of human rivalry with the stillness of fate.



Before parting company with these pleasant volumes, we must take Mr. Smith to task for an instance of bad taste. We are sure he is not an ungenerous man; but was it generous, or even just, to revive a bitter and thoughtless remark about the troubles of an eminent literary man now removed from us—a man of genius, of life-long laboriousness, of kindly nature, and of quiet, scholarly, domestic habits, of whom the worst that can be said is that he was unknowing in the ways of the world, and sometimes on uneasy terms with it? We who live in a more practical age are better able than he was to combine literature with business-like exactness; but we have no right to pride ourselves on that more fortunate knowledge unless we bear it with modesty and good feeling.

#### SIMONY.\*

THIS is not the first occasion on which the Rev. Downes Willis has lifted up his voice to cry against what he conceives to be the grand evil of the English Church nowadays. Some twenty years ago, he put forth the first edition of the present work, which, under the belief that the "patronage of the Church, and with it the prescribing of its doctrine, is being rapidly handed over to the money-power of England," he has now thought fit to reprint in an enlarged form, and certainly in no mitigated spirit. Together with the earnestness and sincerity of a prophet, Mr. Willis combines some of a prophet's characteristic defects. Everything is viewed through the mists of passion and prejudice. Every existing evil in the Church is traced to the influence of the "pestilent sin of simony," the malignity of which, Mr. Willis apparently thinks, is best indicated by the word being always printed in large type. Every minister who has either purchased or has had purchased for him any incumbency, of however trifling a value, is little better than Balaam or Simon Magus, or Ananias, or Gehazi, although he may be hardly aware of the purchase having been made by parents or guardians, and may have discharged every clerical duty with the most conscientious and unswerving fidelity. The late Lord Chancellor comes in for a good share of our author's invective for his recent measure respecting the sale of a portion of the Crown patronage; but Mr. Willis applies his scourge no less to the dead than to the living. One quarter of his work is devoted entirely to the simoniacal enormities of the eminent Mr. Simeon, whose very name our author has the indecency to play upon, connecting it with that of the Samaritan impostor. Because, in a time of utter indifference among the "high and dry" ministers of the English Church, Mr. Simeon succeeded in following up the good he had done in his university by securing the appointment of active and conscientious clergymen to some of the most laborious posts in our large towns, Mr. Willis can find no better way of describing such services than by associating Mr. Simeon and his trustees with the "den of thieves," who "carried on their trades in the very House of God, under the specious plea of affording greater facilities and accommodation to the worshippers in procuring their offerings for the altar of God." Buying advowsons is, no doubt, a great evil in our author's eyes; but the opportunity afforded by Mr. Simeon's bequest for the diffusion of Evangelical doctrine, is, to a High Churchman of Mr. Willis's stamp, a greater evil still. We question whether those gentlemen who appear in the columns of the *Guardian* as co-operating to purchase a certain church in Bath for the cultivation of picturesque ritual and musical services, would be branded by our author as a "tainted confederation," "snakes in the grass," and such like.

We have said enough to indicate the tone and spirit in which Mr. Willis's book is written; we are not disposed to dwell long upon its contents. The "History of Simony"—such simony as disgraced the Mediæval Church—is not agreeable reading, even when written well; and this cannot be said of our author's loose and sketchy narrative. He is rather more consecutive when he comes to speak of the effects produced on the Church in general, and the clergy in particular, by the frequent sale of Church patronage. That there is something particularly disagreeable about the public advertisements of eligible rectories with light duty and good society, with few services and first-rate fishing, no one, we can assure Mr. Willis, is in the least disposed to deny. But when he indicates that no one purchases an incumbency except for the purpose of either propagating error (i.e., Evangelical doctrine), or securing the interest of his money in the shape of a snug berth and systematic disregard of duty, we feel that the reverend gentleman is greatly over-rating, if not positively misrepresenting, the state of things he attacks. We could ourselves enumerate some half-dozen highly-cultivated, hard-working, conscientious clergymen, who are doing a world of good in parishes, the presentation to which was purchased by their relatives or by themselves. Of course, it would be desirable to have a faultless system of patronage; but bishops are fallible, and have sons and daughters. The Universities are prone to send to country parishes exhausted Fellows, fond of ease and old wine; and even Lord Chancellors, we have learned, are not immaculate in their appointments. For ourselves, we confess that we felt the greatest satisfaction in Lord Westbury's bill for the sale of three hundred Crown livings being passed with unanimity, while Mr. Willis considers it the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern simony. At the same time, he proposes no improvement in the present system of patronage. A

\* *Simony: its History and Effects.* By William Downes Willis, M.A., Prebendary of Wells and Rector of Elsted, Sussex. London: Rivingtons.

clergyman, however able, however excellent, however fit to control and administer a parish, is to suppress all longings for the independence of a vicarage or rectory, unless Providence puts one in his hands—we presume by causing a bishop's daughter to fall in love with him. Were some relative or friend to purchase for him, and in the course of time present him to, some wretched country vicarage worth £150 a year, and were he to exert himself with all his ability, in church, and school, and cottage, to reform the place, in our author's eyes the poison of simony is over all his works; he has not an "unclouded call;" he has obtruded himself against the will of Heaven on the fortunate rustics who, perhaps for the quarter of a century previous, have had no one else to care for them than the chance curates of a sequestered living. Something, no doubt, is wrong and foolish in the present law of simony, and we believe that a Parliamentary commission has pronounced that law unsatisfactory and requiring revision. We are glad, however, to think that the alteration, whenever it comes, will be effected, not by ecclesiastics like Mr. Willis, who simply decline to enter into more than one side of the case, but by men of fair minds and open judgment, unbiassed by prejudice and theological party-spirit.

#### PANAMA AND ITS PEOPLE.\*

PANAMA, the "fishy place" as its name signifies in the aboriginal language, is hardly worth the bulky volume Mr. Bidwell has compiled about it. That any one can read it we should hardly venture to affirm, unless he conscientiously skips two-thirds, and of the remaining third he will discover that he has seen the greater portion in print already in Irving, Prescott, Warburton, and *All the Year Round*. Considering that there is so little truly original matter in his book, the author shows great airs. He does not claim to have much to say; he worked at it, not because he had anything new to tell us, but "to occupy occasional idle hours," and he says that he "understands nothing about bookmaking." He is unjust to his own merits, for this is just what he *does* understand. Page after page is filled with nothing but extracts from books, often telling the same story, and quite as often contradictory. If publishers were in the habit of giving prizes for wholesale compilation, Mr. Bidwell would carry off the first. With an affectation of the fine gentleman, which sits very ill upon a man who wants the approbation and the pence of the public, our author parades his ignorance of the simple art of "dividing his book into suitable chapters: that must be the publisher's labour, not his." He excuses his digressions by referring to the index, which has no existence, and defends his rambling by the impossibility of dining continually off Panama beef. If the beef is at all like the book, one meal of it must be an uncommonly tough job.

Mr. Bidwell makes merry with the faults or exaggerations of his predecessors. Captain Pim is gravely rebuked for saying that the streets of Panama were occasionally so flooded that he had seen boys swimming in the Plaza; and poor Mr. Maunder, the oracle of ladies' schools, is reprimanded for telling his readers that the natives of the Isthmus dispense with clothing, and live in houses built on trees to protect themselves from the damp. Now, as regards the captain, our author should have remembered the old story of the Irishman who was tried for stealing a pig: ten witnesses for the prosecution swore they saw him steal it, and twenty for the defence swore they did not see him. Mr. Pim is just as much to be believed when he says he saw boys swimming in the Plaza as Mr. Bidwell when he says he did not see them, especially as farther on (p. 225) he describes the rain as "falling in such torrents that the roads become almost impassable," and coming down "in such vast sheets as if heaven opened to pour forth its seas upon earth." And as for Mr. Maunder, if that injured gentleman will look at page 149, he will read of "five native boatmen whose dress was of that light description which approaches to *airy nothing*."

Panama is a queer and by no means desirable place to live in; and the best that Mr. Bidwell can say of the climate is that "he believes it does not positively destroy the health [of strangers] under several years," though change of air is almost necessary after the second year. Then the place is hot as well as damp: "It is never at any season of the year cooler at Panama," observed an Irishman. The thermometer ranges from 72 to 92 degrees. This might be endurable were there any society; but foreigners do not associate, and are only on the most ceremonious terms with the natives. Yet there are plenty of eligible young ladies, if you can only get a sight of them at church or ball. Mr. Bidwell describes the Panamenas as "graceful, pretty, ladylike; affectionate daughters, good wives and mothers, and industrious." Whole families (he says) are almost supported by the needlework of the daughters. The young men are apt to be "fast," rather of the "slap bang" sort, delighting in cigars, lounging, and billiards. Their amusements, however, are such as our "jolly dogs" would vote decidedly slow. One of them is peculiar—a sort of bull-bait or bull-teasing. The ingenuous youths hire a bull from a butcher, and then, tying him with a length of rope to a post in some wide street or public place, they commence operations. The bull rushes at his tormentors, who usually escape, for the rope soon brings the poor beast up. When all the "sport" has been got out of him, a fresh one is put in his place. Cock-fighting is no longer fashionable.

Panama is a paradise for lazy people. No need to work there—and very fortunately so, for the heat makes continuous labour

\* *The Isthmus of Panama.* By C. T. Bidwell. London: Chapman & Hall.



impossible. One or two days' work will provide for the wants of a labouring man for the whole week. True, these wants are not many: a piece of dried meat or fish, and some baked plantains or bananas, are his food. His clothing is scanty; and as for his lodging, "a native thinks himself well off if he has a hide between his body and the ground." Apropos of which, Mr. Bidwell tells us, that one day his wife gave a boy from the country, who had just come off a long journey, a thick saddle-cloth and some rugs to sleep on. "An hour afterwards, I was astonished to find him flat on his face on the bare boards. 'How can you sleep on a bed?' he said next morning, 'when you have such delicious boards as these to lie upon.'" Is it also from idleness that the maid servants carry everything on their heads? Mr. Bidwell had a housemaid who used to walk upstairs at night with the water-jug in her hand and the candlestick on her head, and, when there was no candlestick, the jug was exalted to the place of honour.

Insects are pretty lively at Panama, destroying such furniture, books, and clothes as the climate would spare, which is not much. Scorpions sometimes turn up in old buildings; but "their bite [do they bite?] is not worse than the sting of a wasp." Mosquitoes are rather partial to the new comers, and, to circumvent them, an Irishman adopted a plan which he found more effectual than the stifling mosquito-curtains. He made one small hole in his sheet, — the single sheet that forms the only covering at night — and folding himself in it, lay down to sleep. The mosquitoes smelt their prey, and soon discovered the hole and the treat reserved for them. If they "drew it mild," Patrick slept on; but, if their remarks became too pointed, he awoke, and, aiming a vigorous blow at them with the palm of his hand, "destroyed the whole army of them." Sharks sometimes visit the bay, and one was caught not long ago in whose stomach were found a man's arm, with the sleeve of his jacket and shirt, and two soda-water bottles. Had he been "keeping it up" the night before, and taken the soda-water to quiet his nerves?

#### HOMES WITHOUT HANDS.\*

It used to be said of a certain very clever living writer, whenever he brought out a new book, that the only sort of criticism to satisfy him was "unlimited praise and the whole extracted." His critics — after the habit of their species — mostly tempered with blame the praises they bestowed on his works, and rarely found room for more extracts than were necessary to illustrate a remark or to confirm a particular statement. They never, by any chance, satisfied him; but it appears to us that, had it been his good fortune to produce such a book as the one now before us, he might have stood a very fair chance indeed of having his wish gratified. To overpraise "Homes without Hands" would be difficult, and nearly every page in the volume offers a tempting "extract." Of the many popular books written by the Rev. Mr. Wood, on the subject of Natural History, this one, we think, is the best in design and treatment. It is a "wonder-book" of the most delightful kind, in which the charm that attaches to zoological observation and discovery is evoked with irresistible effect. Since the time of Gilbert White, there has been a succession of admirable English writers, who have laboured to increase the area of our knowledge and sympathies in this direction, by the publication of their own observations and experiences, or by the careful examination and completion of the observations made by others; and among these the Rev. Mr. Wood is entitled to a foremost place. In his large "Natural History," and more directly, as regards design, in his present book, he has carried forward many stages the work so strikingly initiated by Kirby and Spence in their "Introduction to Entomology." For such labour he is most perfectly qualified, bringing to bear upon the subject of his observations a combination of scientific knowledge and sympathy that places him thoroughly *en rapport* with it. He completely answers to his own description of the best kind of naturalist — who, he says, is "not necessarily he who has read the most about animals, nor he who attributes to them the feelings which he himself would experience in similar situations; but he who can divest himself, for the nonce, of his superiority, and conjecture the thoughts which would enter the limited minds of the creatures with which he is brought in contact." In another passage he remarks:—"The only method of gaining a true insight into the motives of animals, and of identifying ourselves with them, is to put ourselves, as far as possible, in their condition, and to think how we should act under the circumstances, were our instincts as powerful and our reason as weak as theirs." Ten years ago he had formed the same idea of the best mode of studying animal life. "It is," he says — in the valedictory chapter appended to his volume of "Animal Traits and Characteristics" — "to live with the animals as much as possible, and to see them in unrestricted liberty; and it is astonishing how easily this is done." For what he calls a mere "museum naturalist" he has the liveliest contempt, and with the doings of "collectors" he has no patience. "Naturalists, and particularly entomologists," he says, "have been accused of destroying life needlessly, in forming their collections, and of inflicting cruelty on the animals which they kill. This accusation is false. A naturalist is too happy in seeing life to take it needlessly. To him, when the life has departed, most of the interest has departed also; and he

never destroys quadruped, bird, reptile, or insect, except for the advancement of science. Even when he does so, he deprives it of life instantaneously, and does not, in all probability, inflict so much pain as the animal would have suffered at the time of its natural death." There is no doubt as to the spirit in which Mr. Wood works, and he loses no opportunity of endeavouring to infuse something of his own feelings into his reader. When describing the best method of examining a particular object, he constantly expresses a hope that the reader will look into the matter for himself, and as constantly adds a suggestion on the side of humanity. "I hope," he says, in one place, "that none of my readers will kill a tiger-moth in either of its stages; it does no harm to the gardener, and has quite enough foes of its own, the ichneumon flies piercing it in spite of its long bristles, and the cuckoo, together with other birds, revelling in so large and juicy a morsel. It is a special favourite of mine, this great moth, for I have kept so many hundreds of them, and have admired the wondrous details of their anatomy so often, that I am always glad to say a kind word for a creature which has afforded me so much instruction and amusement." Another characteristic of the spirit in which he writes is equally note-worthy. He resolutely deprecates the practice, common among natural history book-makers and pseudo-naturalists, of attributing sentimental motives for various acts of animals, in reality merely instinctive, and of holding these motives up as examples worthy of imitation by human beings.

The object of his work, as he says in his preface, is clearly enough stated in the title which he has given to it. His plan is this:—

"Beginning with the simplest and most natural form of habitation, namely, a burrow in the ground, the work proceeds in the following order:—2nd. Those creatures that suspend their homes in the air; 3rd. Those that are real builders, forming their domiciles of mud, stones, sticks, and similar materials; 4th. Those which make their habitations beneath the surface of the water, whether salt or fresh; 5th. Those which live socially in communities; 6th. Those which are parasitic upon animals or plants; 7th. Those which build on branches. The last chapter treats of miscellanea, or those habitations which could not be well classed in either of the preceding groups."

At the head of all the burrowing animals he places the mole, and a more interesting account than that which he gives of this extraordinary little creature is not to be found in any other book yet published. The mole is evidently the animal of his predilection, and he has taken infinite pains to arrive at an understanding of its character. To those who now for the first time read the description which he gives of its nature and habits, the story will no doubt be full of wonder; they will hardly be able to credit his assertion that, "dull and sombre as the mole appears to be, it is by far the fiercest and most active mammal within the British Isles." Indeed, he adds, "so remarkable is it for both these qualities, that I doubt whether the great fææ of tropical climates can equal it either in ferocity, activity, or voracity." On a combat between two of these creatures of nearly corresponding strength, he makes these very striking observations:—

"To those who are accustomed only to look at animals from their own stand-point, these battles may appear too insignificant to attract attention; but to the eye of a naturalist, who instinctively identifies himself with the nature of the animals which he is observing, these combats lose all their insignificance, and even partake, in some degree, of the sublime. Size is only of relative importance; and, in point of fact, a battle between two moles is as tremendous as one between two lions, if not more so, because the mole is more courageous than the lion, and, relatively speaking, is far more powerful and armed with weapons more destructive."

"Magnify the mole to the size of the lion, and you will have a beast more terrible than the world has yet seen. Though nearly blind, and therefore incapable of following prey by sight, it would be active beyond conception, springing this way and that way as it goes along, so as to cover a large amount of space, leaping with lightning quickness upon any animal which it met, rending it to pieces in a moment, thrusting its blood-thirsty snout into the body of its victim, eating the still warm and bleeding flesh, and instantly searching for fresh prey."

"Such a creature would, without the least hesitation, devour a serpent twenty feet in length, and so terrible would be its voracity that it would eat twenty or thirty of such snakes in the course of a day. With one grasp of its teeth and one stroke of its claws it could tear an ox asunder; and if it should happen to enter a fold of sheep or an enclosure of cattle, it would kill them all for the mere lust of slaughter. Let, then, two such animals meet in combat, and how terrific would be the battle. Fear is a feeling of which the mole seems to be unconscious; and when fighting with one of his own species, he gives his whole energies to the destruction of his opponent, without seeming to heed the injuries which are inflicted upon himself."

From the "homes" of the burrowing mammalia, he proceeds to those of the burrowing birds, reptiles, invertebrates, molluscs, and insects, giving separate chapters to the habits of burrowing spiders, beetles, and wood-boring insects. Among the burrowing reptiles, which are few in number, the most noticeable is the yellow snake of Jamaica, reported by Mr. Gosse to form for itself — though how has to be discovered — a veritable excavation in the earth. It grows to a length of about eight feet, and is harmless, having no poison-fangs; but, like the fox and the weasel, it pays occasional predatory visits to the hen-roosts of the farm-house, and as many as seven unbroken eggs have been found inside a single yellow snake. On the authority of Captain Pasley, R.A., the Rev. Mr. Wood attests the often debated statement of the scorpion destroying itself when surrounded by a circle of fire. "The fiery circle," he says, "was about fifteen inches in diameter, and composed of smouldering

\* Homes without Hands: being an Account of the Habitations constructed by various Animals, classed according to their Principles of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. London: Longmans.



ashes. In every instance the scorpion ran about for some minutes trying to escape, and then deliberately bent its tail over its back, inserted the point of its sting between two of the segments of the body, and speedily died. This experiment was repeated seven or eight times, and always with the same results, so that a further repetition would have been a useless cruelty. The heat given out by the ashes was very trifling, and not equal to that which is caused by the noontide sun, a temperature which the scorpion certainly does not like, but which it can endure without suffering much inconvenience. Generally the scorpion was dead in a few minutes after the wound was inflicted." Next in the order of the Rev. Mr. Wood's arrangement come the "homes" of the pensile mammalia, pensile birds, and insects, and of the building birds and insects; followed by the sub-aquatic nests of the vertebrates and invertebrates, the habitations of the social mammalia, birds, and insects, and of the branch-building mammalia, birds, and insects, including spiders; and concluding with the chapter on miscellaneous "homes."

As we have already said, it would be difficult to over-praise this fascinating book. What story of enchantment, of sylphide, giant, or gnome, equals in strangeness and picturesqueness the story of the ants? Romance presents no incidents half so wondrous as the facts observed by M. Huber and others, and here reproduced by Mr. Wood. The strength of the giants is puny compared with that of the Saïba ant, which builds domes two feet in height and forty feet in diameter, and makes passages from his dwelling-place seventy yards long. What is the vitality of the stoutest paladin compared with that of the Driver ant, whose head has given signs of life thirty-six hours after being cut from its body, which lived for more than forty-eight hours? What mystery can be more bewildering than the fact that this very ant dies in less than two minutes when exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays? To the young, "Homes without Hands" cannot fail to be a book of inexhaustible interest. No one who possesses the author's "Natural History" ought to be without it, for it forms the natural complement of that excellent work. The illustrative wood engravings, which are numerous, have had the advantage of being executed under the Rev. Mr. Wood's personal direction, and are all that can reasonably be desired.

#### SELVAGGIO.\*

"SELVAGGIO," the authoress informs her readers, "will vainly be looked for on the map;" and she adds, with what, possibly, may be a conscientious disregard of the demands of grammar—for she is, before everything, conscientious—"In preserving 'the unities,' traits of several places have been grouped in one, which, in spite of every pains, may occasionally have led to inconsistencies." The precise meaning of this is the reverse of clear; but what is clear enough is, that the inconsistencies to which she refers are not by any means merely occasional. To our apprehension, the book, from beginning to end, is a tissue of inconsistencies. Of all qualities, indeed, that of consistency is about the least likely to be found conspicuous in works of fiction written "with a purpose." The "purpose" is generally too completely master of the writer's mind to permit of his seeing beyond the purview of his own wishes. To achieve the dear object which he has tasked himself to accomplish, all means appear good. He remembers or forgets known facts, as they happen to tell for or against his purpose; he reads history backwards, or ignores it altogether, according to the requirements of his case; and he makes truth itself take the shape in which he can turn it to account most effectively. His "purpose" is a good one, he considers, and all means that subserve it have a tendency to justify themselves in his mind. Let his purpose be a pious one, and this tendency develops itself in the highest degree. The authoress of "Selvaggio," no doubt, thinks her purpose the best of all possible purposes—the putting down of the Pope, and the substitution of Protestantism for Catholicism in regenerated and unified Italy. She has set herself a task, and she will do it how she can. If the facts of the case will not serve her turn—*tant pis pour les faits*; she will do without them. But in doing this her zealotry exhibits a not uncommon characteristic: it protests too much, unmindful that gratuitous declarations of truthfulness invariably challenge doubt, and generally turn out badly for those who make them. She would have done better had she not penned the following sentence:—"It is not fiction; I am writing words of truth and soberness;" more especially because she has placed it in a part of her book to which its application is particularly dishonest. One of her heroes (for she has several) is represented as having joined the Anglo-Italian legion, and returned with it from the Crimea, where it never went. "The Italian Legion," she says, "being still in Queen Victoria's pay, was distributed, at the conclusion of the war, among barracks in different parts of England. Silvio's corps went to a town in Lancashire." And then she describes the occurrence of a particular incident. The local representatives of the Bible Society, through the medium of a "friendly druggist," distribute to the foreign soldiers three hundred copies of the New Testament in Italian. Silvio is the first recipient.

"The druggist assured him, with a smile, that the pile of Testaments on the counter had been given him to distribute 'without money and without price.' On this, Silvio clasped the little volume to his heart, over-

whelmed him with thanks, and hurried back to the barracks to spread the glad tidings. Bursting in among a group of his companions, he exclaimed with the greatest animation,—"See! see! this delightful book has been given to me. It is the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and you may have copies, too, if you like. Run, I advise you, and get it while it is to be had."

"Away they ran, and for three days the druggist's shop was literally besieged; often as many as eighteen or twenty being in it at a time, reaching out their hands to receive it, and crying out, 'Testaments! Testaments!'

"The townspeople were in amaze. What! all this excitement about the book which many of themselves had never cared to look into but on Sundays, and then secretly found stale, flat, and unprofitable? Others, who knew and felt the sacred volume's precious worth, glowed with pleasure at the reception it had met with from these simple soldiers. The good fellows overwhelmed the druggist with thanks; some of them exclaimed—'Buono! buono!'—others clasped their treasure to their hearts; others kissed it."

"In less than three days, two hundred copies were distributed. The excitement spread to the officers, several of whom applied for copies. Many asked for the Old Testament also, that they might possess the Scriptures complete. Every man signed his name on receiving a copy."

"Well, what was the effect of all this? It is not fiction; I am writing words of truth and soberness. Some of them exclaimed, 'We will be Roman Catholics no longer.' Many of them went to our churches and chapels, and conducted themselves with propriety and reverence. Silvio, and another young soldier, named Carlo, went to afternoon service at a pretty country church about three miles from the town."

A short time afterwards, these two are admitted into the English Church "by baptism," being found, upon examination, capable of understanding the leading articles of the "Christian" faith,—the sober inference of the authoress of "Selvaggio" being, clearly, that Catholics are out of the pale of Christianity, and that the rite of baptism is efficacious only when administered by clergymen of the Protestant Church. The audacity of such an assumption is striking, but at the same time not at all surprising in a writer so carried away by proselytizing fervour as to declare, as she does, that she is writing "words of truth and soberness" while she is describing circumstantially events that never occurred, and which could not possibly have occurred. No part of the Anglo-Italian Legion was quartered in England at the end of the Crimean war, and therefore the whole story of the Lancashire Bible-distribution, with its attendant incidents of conversion from Romanism, is utterly void of truth.

It is painful to have to write in this way of the work of a well-meaning lady; but, in our opinion, her mode of serving the great cause she has espoused is calculated to do it injury. "Sur-tout point de zèle" is an injunction specially applicable to all propagandists of her temperament. Good work may be initiated by enthusiasts; they never complete it. The work she has taken in hand had been carried far beyond the initiatory stage before she came to it; and such books as "Selvaggio" have long ceased to be—even if they have ever been—of any use whatever.

From a literary point of view, the book is void of interest: it contains no story, no character, and where it pretends to deal with facts it is, as we have shown by example, completely untrustworthy. United Italy, according to the enlightened understanding of the Author of "Mary Powell," appears to mean no more than the opening out of a new field for Protestant proselytism, and for an extension of the operations of the Bible Society. To the Italians—to the young men more particularly—who have consented to allow the Emperor Napoleon to relieve them from the tyranny of their Austrian oppressors, the immediate gains, if we comprehend the moral of "Selvaggio," are: increased facilities for their conversion from Catholicism to Protestantism, and a proportionably augmented number of chances of marrying young English ladies of fortune. "How comfortably everything is going on!" she cries, ecstatically. "How the young people and the old people are enjoying themselves! How Italy is struggling upward and onward!"—No doubt she is, in many ways—in none more than in the purification of religious faith from mediæval superstition; but, in the meanwhile, no good can possibly accrue from idle misrepresentations and narrow-minded sectarianism.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Manual of Geology.* By the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin. (Longmans.)—We have in this well-printed and compact volume, an addition to the Experimental and Natural Science Series of "Galbraith & Haughton's Scientific Manuals." The work consists of a number of Lectures composed by the author for his class, and taken down by a short-hand writer as they were delivered *vidæ voce* in 1862. It must not be thought, however, that the book is a mere skeleton outline. Of course, it is an abstract, and is simply intended as an introduction to the more elaborate treatises of Lyell, Dana, Jukes, &c., should its perusal excite in the reader a desire to go more deeply into the wonders of the earth's physical structure and of its primitive inhabitants. The latter branch of the subject is the one mainly dwelt on in the present manual. In a previous course of lectures, Mr. Haughton directed the attention of his pupils to the leading facts connected with the history of the earth itself. He now principally confines himself to the earth's primeval inhabitants. This, however, is preceded by an introductory account of those physical conditions which were necessary to be established before our globe

\* *Selvaggio: a Tale of Italian Country Life.* By the Author of "Mary Powell." One vol. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.



was fitted to receive any inhabitants whatever. We are then introduced to the later developments which resulted in the fossilizing of the primal forms of animal life; and the remainder of the course is devoted to an examination of the living creatures themselves, and of their history in connection with the earth. The volume, which is illustrated by figures, contains a large mass of facts, apparently well arranged and clearly stated. Mr. Haughton does not theorize much, and he is altogether opposed to the recent speculations of Lamarck and Darwin.

*Tales for the Marines.* By Walter Thornbury, Author of "Wild-fire," &c. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)—This is another collection of reprints from *All the Year Round* and *Chambers's Journal*. Our periodical writers nowadays certainly contrive to make the most of their productions. Mr. Dickens's fellow-labourers in particular have, by this process of republication, furnished a large number of volumes to the book-shelves and the circulating libraries; and if there is any one of the contributors to *All the Year Round* who has not brought out his book, he must either be an exceptionally modest man, who has no faith in his own work, or a singularly unfortunate one, who cannot find a publisher by any process of persuasion. However, we are making no objection to this thrifty custom, since it has undoubtedly given us several very pleasant books, which we are glad to retain and to read from time to time. The two volumes now in our hands are extremely interesting, and the contents were certainly worth preservation in a more compact form than the stray numbers of a weekly miscellany. Mr. Walter Thornbury is well known as a skilful and picturesque writer. His present work shows that he can tell a short story effectually and agreeably, and we should say that not only "the Marines," but readers generally, will be pleased with many of the tales here gathered together. They are characterized by humour, by clever portraiture, and occasionally by a wild, grim fancy. Altogether, they afford good reading for seaside holiday-seekers, being brief, light, and attractive.

*Ugolino, and other Poems.* By Sybil, Author of "Hope Deferred," &c. (T. C. Newby.)—*Village Bells, Lady Guendoline, and other Poems.* By John Brent, jun., F.S.A., Author of "The Battle Cross," &c. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; and Drury, Canterbury.)—Volumes of poems are frequently published, of which it is very difficult for the critic to say anything. They are not bad; they may even contain some germs of feeling, and some sense of beauty; but they are so wanting in force, originality, and individual mark that it is almost impossible to write anything specific about them. Such is the case with the productions of "Sybil" and of Mr. Brent. Both exhibit a certain elegance of thought and expression—especially the poems of the latter; yet neither soar much above the common level. "Sybil" seems rather fond of horrible subjects. The first poem of the volume retells the frightful legend of Ugolino and his children, shut up in "the Tower of Famine," Pisa—a story which Dante touches on in his "Divina Commedia," and which Chaucer made an attempt to relate among the "Canterbury Tales," but which he was obliged to break off, from sheer pity. There are some striking lines in the present version, but the treatment is too diffuse. Among the other appalling subjects we find "The Conflagration of St. Jago," "A Story of the Plague," "The Massacre of the Mamelukes," &c. Mr. Brent also favours scenes of warfare and destruction, and devotes some sympathetic verses to the misfortunes of the unhappy Poles.

*Our Mutual Friend.* By Charles Dickens. No. XVII. (Chapman & Hall.)—When the Cherub comes home after the intelligence of the wedding has reached Mr. Wilfer he does not find his position more pleasant: but after the irrepressible Lavinia has had a fit of hysterics, "Ma" relents, and the "happy couple" are invited to tea. Bella soon puts things upon their accustomed footing, and we are treated to a very pretty sketch of her domestic arrangements, and the gradual growth of her affection for her husband. Rokesmith finds it a difficult matter to keep the secret of his identity from his dear little wife, but he has at present not betrayed it. From the cheerful home of Bella the scene changes to the village where poor Lizzie Hexam resides and where Eugene Wrayburn is staying. By appointment she meets him by the river-side, and the lovers are watched by Bradley Headstone, in the disguise of a bargeman dressed to represent Riderhood. After drawing from Lizzie a confession of her attachment to him, Eugene leaves her, and immediately afterwards is attacked by Headstone. Stunned by the blows, he is thrown into the river, and Headstone makes with all haste to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock-house. As Eugene's body floats down the stream, it is recognised by Lizzie, who, with great difficulty, contrives to secure it, but the surgeons pronounce life extinct. When the murderer makes his appearance at Plashwater, the Rogue judges from his manner, and torn and soiled dress, what has transpired. While dining together, Bradley contrives to cut his hand, and sprinkle the blood over the Rogue. This apparent accident confirms Riderhood's suspicions that the schoolmaster is desirous that the murder should be ascribed to him. He therefore resolves to follow him; and, while doing so, he sees him bathe in the river and dress in his proper clothes, which had been secreted under some timber. Bradley makes a bundle of the bargee's clothes, and throws them into the river, but Riderhood fishes for, and finally secures them. As soon as the report of the outrage upon Wrayburn reaches town, Charley Hexam, who is by this time an assistant master in another school, and, if possible, more selfish than ever, visits his old master, and upbraids him with his conduct, hinting that he is of opinion that the murdered man owes his death to him.

*The Boys' Holiday Book.* (Tegg.)—In the days when we were boys ourselves we recollect a volume, published by the elder Mr. Tegg, called "The Boy's Own Book,"—a volume full of endless information on all sorts of sports and pastimes. The work now before us is similar in subject, in size, and in general "get up." Whether it contains any of the old matter we cannot say, for our copy of the earlier work has long since vanished into space or Hades; but some of the illustrations to "The Boy's Holiday Book" look rather ancient. How-

ever, if so, the text has clearly been modernized in parts, and new illustrations have been added; so that the result is a very capital book for young fellows "home for the holidays."

*Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us.* By A. Eskell, Esq., Surgeon-Dentist.—*A Treatise on Dental Surgery; with Instructions for the Preservation and Restoration of the Teeth.* By the Same. (Clements.)—Mr. Eskell is very wisely impressed by the fact, that the bodily health is often most seriously affected by the state of the teeth and gums. He has, therefore, in two little treatises—some portion of the matter of which is common to both—exhorted us to look to our mouths, and to lose no time in applying to a dentist of repute and experience if we are not perfectly right in all respects. The second of the two works whose titles we have given above is in its second edition; the other appears to be now issued for the first time. Both are sensible, and well considered.

We have also received *The Shilling House of Commons for 1865*, by Edward Walford, M.A. (Hardwicke);—*Dieppe: the Route by New-haven, with Illustrations* (Booth)—a pamphlet guide-book for English tourists;—and *The Guide to Printing and Publishing* (Collingridge).

#### THE LATE JUDGE HALIBURTON.

THE death of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Nova Scotian Judge, ex-Member for Lunenburg in the Imperial House of Commons, and—by far the proudest distinction of all—author of "Sam Slick," is an event in the literary world which demands something more than a mere passing notice. It is exactly thirty years ago since Mr. Haliburton (then about eight-and-thirty years of age) attracted the attention of a colonial public by writing in a weekly miscellany, issued at Halifax, in British North America, a series of letters recording the observations, humours, and oddities of a travelling Yankee clock-maker, who looked at life with a shrewd, penetrating, yet not unkindly, eye. These sketches were subsequently republished in a separate form at New York, and a year or two afterwards they were printed in England. Those who are old enough to recollect the period in question will remember that, for a long while, "Sam Slick" was "the rage." He divided public attention with the humorous heroes of "Pickwick." His sayings were quoted in every newspaper, and became incorporated in the popular slang of the day. He achieved a popularity almost equalling that of Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle," some years later; and he was soon generally accepted by the English public as a type of "the Yankee" pure and unadulterated. The book was, in truth, a production of marked ability. Sam Slick is one of those fictitious characters which may really be termed creations. The *dramatis personæ* of the ordinary run of novels may be cleverly drawn, and capable of interesting us for the time; but we forget them as soon as we have sent the volumes back to the circulating library. Not so with those exceptional figures which it is the happy privilege of genius to conceive and bring forth. They establish themselves in our minds without any effort on our part to remember them; they become a portion of our very experiences, and actually contribute to our knowledge of human nature. "The Clockmaker" of Judge Haliburton's fancy has long been a familiar figure to English and Americans alike; we should know him if he could walk into the room; we seem perfectly well acquainted with his personal appearance, his voice, his language, and his ideas. Of course he does not give a complete idea of American character, in which there are larger and nobler elements; but (allowing for the inevitable exaggeration of a caricature) he is true to a certain phase of transatlantic life, and a phase, also, which was, perhaps, more prominent thirty years ago than it is now. Sam is the regular Yankee trader—"cute," wary, dodgy, humbugging, inconceivably audacious, abounding in self-reliance under all possible circumstances, as little troubled with "nice conscience" as the sailor in Chaucer, and yet in some respects a good fellow after all. In his way, Sam Slick is a genius. His impudence alone is an inspiration. With little education, and with a slimy accumulation of slang covering his speech as mud and ooze cover the bottom of an old ship, his native New England shrewdness makes him almost a philosopher. His view of life may be narrow, but it is all the sharper for its narrowness; and there are not wanting touches of pathos in the midst of the humour. It used sometimes to be said, many years ago, that Haliburton was superior to Dickens; but this was certainly erroneous. Sam Slick may have been quite equal to Sam Weller; but the latter is only one among a host of marvellous creations by the same brain, while the Yankee pedlar is the only conspicuous character which Haliburton has added to our literature. Nor had the Nova Scotian judge anything like the varied knowledge of human nature, the tragic power, the picturesqueness, the poetical feeling, and the artistic skill possessed by our English novelist. What Haliburton saw, however, he saw keenly and closely, and Sam Slick will assuredly be remembered by posterity. He is far better than his more modern followers, such as Artemus Ward, and the volumes which preserve his lucubrations must for ever remain on the same shelf which holds the inimitable "Biglow Papers."

Mr. Haliburton died at his house at Isleworth on Sunday, at the age of sixty-eight. He had been a colonial judge, but for several years had resided in England. He did not often speak in Parliament, and then generally on colonial subjects, his voice being weak, and his genius not that of oratory. Some of our contemporaries have described him as a Conservative. He was really much more than a Conservative; he was a thoroughgoing old Tory, after the fashion of the writers in the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* of former days. In this respect, though not very old, he had outlived his time, and as a politician he will not be missed.

We are requested to mention that Mr. Francis Trench Rolls has been appointed secretary to the Newspaper Press Fund, on the retirement of Mr. H. G. Warren from his post of honorary secretary.



## LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE "Curiosities of Journalism," "Anecdotes of the Press," or any of those probable gatherings of facts and *ana* concerning newspaper statistics and accidents, which in this compiling and British-Museum age may at any moment be expected, should glean for their readers full particulars of *The Atlantic Telegraph*, issued weekly on board the *Great Eastern* during her recent expedition. The paper, it appears, was printed by means of lithography; the editor was Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A.; and the illustrator, Mr. R. Dudley. The *Telegraph* is not very unlike the *Autographic Mirror*, the text and illustrations having a striking similarity to some of the pages of that interesting publication. Printed on fine paper, and with illustrations that, for raciness and vigour, may vie with the most successful of our pictorial periodicals, this record of the main incidents of the voyage possesses much to interest and amuse. The frontispiece consists of portraits of the principal people employed in the expedition. The *Atlantic Telegraph* flag, with its combination of stars and Union Jack, floats in the background, the *Great Eastern* and her guard of honour are in the front, and the whole is enclosed in a neat framework of cable, with sectional cuttings at its four corners. Perhaps the most humorous of Mr. Dudley's sketches is that representing Mr. Cyrus Field taking his turn of duty as watchman in the tank. Years ago, sailors from the expeditions fitted out for the exploration of the North Pole, brought back with them copies of the *Arctic News* and the *Polar Gazette*; but these curiosities of journalism are now only to be met with in the libraries of ardent collectors. In one instance, the numbers were reprinted in London; and, at the present moment, we believe, there is some talk of re-issuing here the lithographic journal published on board the *Great Eastern*.

The *Oriental Literary Record*, recently published, contains some very interesting information for those students eager for information of a linguistic character. Amongst other items of intelligence Mr. TRÜBNER informs his readers that "a Chinese New Testament, with references, has been prepared by Mr. Gibson, of the American Methodist Mission, and is rapidly passing through the press. Our latest advices state that it is printed as far as the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, and it was expected that it would be completed by the 1st of August. The translator used Arabic instead of Chinese numerals, in consequence of the clumsy nature of the latter. Mr. Gibson was joint editor and translator, with Dr. Mackay of the same mission, of the Fuhchau colloquial translation of the New Testament.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., announce as shortly forthcoming "Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton," with photographic portrait; two vols.; "Irish Coast Tales of Love and Adventure," by Captain L. Esmonde White; a new edition of "The Woman in White," in fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., to be followed by new editions of all Mr. Collins's works, uniform in style and price with the work just mentioned; "The Working-man in America, being the Results of Three Years Experience of Life and Labour among the Working Classes of the United States, during the War," by the author of "Autobiography of a Beggar Boy;" a second edition of "Sesame and Lilies; Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864, by John Ruskin, M.A., I. of King's Treasures, II. of Queen's Gardens;" another volume of "Mazzini's Life and Writings;" a new and illustrated edition of "Romola," by George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede;" a new illustrated edition of "Transformation; or the Romance of Monte Beni;" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and other works.

A correspondent to a morning contemporary announces the following literary discoveries which, we think, our readers will agree with us are "curious if true":—"Bibliophiles [in Paris] rejoice at the fact that in knocking down a modern villa erected on the site of an antique Roman dwelling, some precious fragments have been discovered which fill up certain passages wanting in the 'Annals of Tacitus.' Furthermore, a few unpublished pages of the 'Republic' of Cicero have been found in the library of the old convent of Fucino; as also fragments of the lost books of Titus Livy's History. Canon Biffi is the fortunate student who has stumbled upon these valuable relics of the past, and he has promised to publish them as soon as possible for the edification of the learned. Strange to say, a somewhat similar discovery has been made in Mexico. It appears that a nuncio of former days left at his death the whole of Pambeo Litta's work, with valuable autograph notes. The work has been purchased by a French military surgeon."

The great work upon which Mr. Thorpe, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, has been so long engaged, has now been completed. It comprises copies of, or extracts from, all the most curious and valuable early Anglo-Saxon charters known to exist, with notes and historical deductions by the able editor. In selecting his materials it is understood that Mr. Thorpe especially strove to obtain copies of those charters which were peculiarly illustrative of the age in which they were issued. The work forms one large handsome volume.

Amongst recent arrivals in Paris may be mentioned that of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, eldest son of the late President of the United States, who takes up his abode in the French capital for the purpose of completing his studies.

The valuable Oriental library and collections of Dr. W. B. Hodgson, of Savannah, a distinguished scholar, and well known for his researches in African and other languages, were destroyed during Sherman's march through South Carolina, that of Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, the novelist, near Charleston, consisting of nearly 11,000 volumes, shared the same fate.

During the American Revolution of 1776 the colonists were put to great straits for paper wherewith to make cartridges. In one place, Germantown, almost all the books in the place were torn up for the soldiers' use. Very similar proceedings, Mr. Trübner informs us, have taken place during the late rebellion.

A curious scrap of Paris news comes to us from an American source. It is to the effect that the second volume of Napoleon's *César* will be prefaced by a memorandum giving its imperial author's views upon the late civil war in America. The Emperor has pub-

lished, for private circulation, one hundred copies of a pamphlet upon Algeria, with plans for its future government.

We hear that the second volume of the French Emperor's "History of Julius Cæsar" is progressing very slowly. At the present time 150 pages have been set up in type, and the remainder of the volume will not be ready for the press for some months. No sheets, we believe, have yet reached this country for the English translator.

The concluding volumes of Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley's "Life and Recollections" are announced for publication in the autumn.

The first volume of the *Shilling Magazine* has just been issued. It contains Nos. I. to IV., and as it proposes to make three volumes in the course of a year, the price is lower than with the other shilling magazines.

"Fra Angelo," a new tragedy by Mr. W. C. Russell, son of the well-known composer and singer, was published on Wednesday last, the same day that it was performed at the Haymarket Theatre.

In October Messrs. LONGMAN will publish "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost, or Reason and Revelation," by the Right Rev. H. E. Manning, D.D. This work will treat of the relations of the Holy Spirit to the Church, to the Science of Theology, the Letter of the Holy Scripture, the Interpretation of Scripture, and the Tradition of Dogma.

Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN, & Co. have nearly ready the "Life and Speeches of Andrew Johnson." It is edited by Frank Moore, the compiler of the "Rebellion Record," and the biographer of preceding Presidents, and is published with the sanction and consent of the President.

A new work, entitled the "Treasury of Botany," will be published by Messrs. LONGMAN this month, under the joint-editorship of Professor Lindley and Thomas Moore, F.L.S., Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Chelsea; assisted by Professor Balfour; the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.L.S.; John Ball, F.R.S.; the Rev. C. A. Johns, F.L.S.; J. T. Syme, F.L.S.; Maxwell T. Masters, M.D., F.L.S.; Dr. Berthold Seeman, W. Carruthers, F.L.S., and other practical botanists.

The American poet, William Cullen Bryant, has purchased the homestead in his native town of Cummington, Hampshire county, Mass., and is refitting it for a summer residence. He has been spending a part of the summer there.

An authorized English translation of "Mozart's Letters, edited by Dr. Nohl, and translated by Lady Wallace," will be ready in October.

The new work on the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," by Professor Owen, is expected to be ready for publication in the month of October.

M. G. Pelin has written, under the name of "Les Phénomènes du Spiritisme Dévoilé," a work pretending to give a rational explanation of the effects and causes of spiritualism.

The "Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lady Theresa Lewis," is to be published next month.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Acrostics in Prose and Verse. 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Andrew Ramsay of Errol. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Aunt Louisa's London Toy Books.—No. 3, Nursery Rhymes, 1s.  
 Baker (C.), Plants, the Earth, and Minerals. 12mo., 1s.  
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 18mo., 1s. 6d. (Nimmo).  
 Burns (R.), Poetical Works. 12mo., 3s. 6d. (Nimmo).  
 Butt (J.), Liberty of Teaching Vindicated. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Carpenter (J. E.), Penny Readings in Prose and Verse. 18mo., 1s.  
 Chapman (J.), Diarrhoea and Cholera. 12mo., 1s.  
 Coleridge (S. T.), Poems. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Companion Library.—Frank Warrington. 12mo., 1s.  
 Coth (D.), Paul Foster's Daughter. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Davenport Brothers (The), Biography of, by Th. Nichols. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
 Dickens's (C.) Works. People's edit. Dombey and Son. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 2s.  
 Dina; or, Familiar Faces. Post 8vo., 6s.  
 Dodd (W.), Beauties of Shakespeare. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Easy Double Acrostics, Edited by A. H. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Edwards (A. B.), Hand and Glove. Post 8vo., 6s.  
 Engineering Facts and Figures, 1864. Post 8vo., 6s.  
 Eskell's Pure Dentistry. 12mo., 1s.  
 Esop's Fables and Others, by Croxall. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Fry (D. P.), The Vaccination Acts. 2nd edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Fuller (Rev. T. E.), Boy's Holiday Book. 18mo., 4s. 6d.  
 Fullerton (Lady G.), Constance Sherwood. 3 vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.  
 — Lady Bird. New edit. Post 8vo., 6s.  
 Gilbert (W.), De Profundis. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Glasgow Infant School Magazine. 2nd series. New edit. 18mo., 3s.  
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